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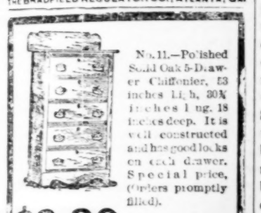

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NEXT YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

Our excellent contemporary, the Wilmington Messenger, says:

"We hope very sincerely that Reynolds and Walser will stick to their desires and plans, and that their party will adopt them. Above all things let the next battle be waged strictly between all white men not radicals and the black and tan gang. Since 1870, the black and tan crowd have never been able to clean out the white men, save when a large number unfortunately withdrew and united with the populists who combined with their old enemies against their old party friends in the old democratic family. Get the white men together and they will redeem the old State from wrong and ruin."

That is right. Get the whites together, and the State will be redeemed.

The Savannah News, a paper with goldbug leanings, appalled at the negrophilism of the McKinley administration, recently said:

"It should be necessary only to direct attention to the general legislative record of the republican party to convince any man who is not hide-bound in his prejudices that it is better to submit to almost anything in the way of opposition party policy than to have the republican party in power."

That is what the OBSERVER preached with all its might and main last Summer, when the opportunity was offered us, here in North Carolina, to make a white combination that would sweep the State and *prevent* the disgraceful condition of affairs for which all decent North Carolinians are blushing now.

And how nearly the OBSERVER'S appeal came to winning! And how desperately the goldbugs fought it! Under the wave of enthusiasm which followed in the wake of Bryan's trip through the State, coupled with the effect of Mr. Bryan's request that it be done, an arrangement was made between the two wings of the whites by which their combined vote saved the State to the national white man's ticket by 20,000 majority. The goldbugs were unable to prevent this arrangement, though they fought it hard; but they instantly began a powerful campaign against a similar arrangement between the whites for saving the legislative and State tickets. In this, the contest between the OBSERVER with its little band of allies and the goldbug marplots, was a hot one; but the latter won, though by a scratch. As the goldbugs had not been averse to, and some of their papers had even advocated, a fusion with the Populists on State and county affairs, earlier in the campaign, it may well be asked why they should later have objected when the only fusion which involved a national (or Democratic) principle had been yielded. There can be but one explanation: they hoped that the cross fusion into which they were forcing the Populists on the State ticket would render the national fusion ineffective, defeat the (white) Bryan ticket, and elect the (negro) McKinley ticket. In other words, they preferred to risk negro rule rather than to lend any aid to Bryan. Never lose sight of this shameful fact.

We are all suffering for the work of these marplots to day. Yet there is, or ought to be, nothing unexpected about it. We trust the people will send to the rear, next year, those who brought this state of affairs about.

At the same time, we must be careful to set our faces against starting a new party in North Carolina. Such an effort disastrously failed when an attempt was made in September, 1895, to make a combination, outside of the Democratic organization, on silver. It will fail again if we, even for the pressing object of recovering white rule, should attempt to rally the whites under a new banner.

Stick to the Democratic organization! It is the only one that can save us.

A WARNING.

We find the following in a number of exchanges:

The Party of the Future.

Wilmington Messenger.

The opinion is growing, perhaps rapidly crystallizing, that there must be an earnest, determined campaign fought in North Carolina for the supremacy of the white race, and it will be started with all needed vigor probably next year. The decent people of Anglo-Saxon descent are remarkably tired of the rascalities and lawlessness of these times, are disgusted at the turbulence, brazen effrontery, deceitfulness and treachery of the new-fledged leaders now to the front, and of the bad laws enacted by the last two utterly ignorant, incapable and unfaithful Legislatures. A party inspired by patriotism, a love of their race, thorough fidelity to eternal principles of right and justice and honor and manhood will be the probable outcome next year.

If our recollection serves us, the foregoing was the last paragraph in a long editorial in the Messenger on the general situation. It was, we think, copied by a goldbug paper and given the heading under which it is made to do duty as a proposition for a new party. The Messenger, of course, had no such intention.

Democrats, be on your guard. The goldbug enemy is full of resources. Now that you have restored the party's control to Democratic hands, don't let the Palmer and Buckner ites induce you to abandon your strong position for the chaos of a new party.

The Republican goldbug fusion enemy will halt at nothing. In some places they are publishing a story that Mr. Bryan is getting railroad passes on false statements; in others, they are combining with Court House rings to endow religious periodicals with the privileges of newspapers in order to break down Democratic organs which cannot be reached by direct assault. True Democrats will not knowingly assist these disloyal efforts.,

THE VETERAN EDITOR.

It is useful to be reminded occasionally of the debt we owe, as a people, to those who have done the State some service. We print elsewhere, from the Wilmington Messenger, a brief summary of the patriotic acts of its venerable editor, whose editorial work has extended over a third of a century.

The reminder is timely in view of some unseemly things that have recently been said by eleventh hour men, but the public is at all times prone to overlook the tremendous force exerted by the everlasting editor. That is rather a queer expression, "the everlasting editor," but the more one thinks of it the more appropriate it will seem.

At the beginning of a political campaign, the ordinary politician takes the party policy which has been threshed out by the everlasting editor, and for half a dozen weeks, or so, shouts out his well conned sentences from a hundred stumps. None of the genius of the planning of the battle is his, he bears no scars of the rifle pits in the long winter's campaign. With the budding of Spring and the brightening of the sun, when the roads have dried and the commissary and ammunition wagons can reach the front, he goes forth to glorious war. It is, on the contrary, an old song to the man of the rifle pit and of the watch tower, who, while he joins in the fray, listens with quiet amusement to the shouting of the captains.

Think how often such scenes and such sensations have passed before and have possessed our venerable friend, and how utterly inconsequential to such a rugged life must be the petty conflicts which every now and then are forced upon him by amateur disputants or intermittent politicians!

But while all this may be a matter of serene contemplation to the veteran editor, it is time that the public recognized its obligation to him. Generally speaking, the public is doing a great deal more of its duty in that regard than formerly, and editors are much more frequently rewarded by office than they once were. That probably is because "journalism" has largely taken the place of the personal editing of the past. Under the old system, when a newspaper was not the huge capitalized machine of the present day but the simple vehicle of a masterful man's thoughts, the self respecting editor held himself far above office holders of any degree, and would have felt degraded by the acceptance of any official or party reward for his services. But now, when capitalistic combinations have invaded his domain and force him either to remain poor or to sell his independence, the case is very different; and the PEOPLE whom he has so faithfully served should see that he is rewarded whether he asks it or not.

When the Democratic party recovers its own in North Carolina, it will not forget the distinguished services of Dr. Kingsbury.

CURRENT COMMENT.

The reader will see that the OBSERVER'S movement in favor of "The White Man's Party," has waked an echo from the heart of New England.

* * *

Awhile ago, says the Atlanta Constitution, the gold organs were declaring that higher prices would hurt the wage-earners. But now they are rejoicing over the rise in wheat. However, they never did wear the jewel of consistency on their persons.

Faure Marked As Next Victim.

Raoul Duval's telegram to the N. Y. Journal.)

The Paris police are beginning to think there is really some ground for the belief that the life of President Faure is in danger.

Figaro's correspondent at San Sebastian says: "Angiolillo, whom the examining Magistrate in his questioning treated as a common murderer guilty of a crime prompted by personal malice, again protested that he wished to avenge the persecuted Anarchists.

FAURE IS NEXT.

"On the Magistrate remarking that in killing Senor Canovas he had removed only the man and not the institution, Angiolillo retorted: 'Ah, you think so; but this is only an isolated execution and you will see many others. We will compel you to ask for mercy. It's not over yet. It will soon be Felix Faure's turn. That brute will go through it like Carnot.'

"To the Magistrate's observation that he, the murderer, was only playing his part in denying he had accomplices, Angiolillo merely replied: 'I had no accomplice at all.'"

ARE ANARCHISTS ORGANIZED?

The magistracy is convinced, the correspondent adds, that it has to deal with a formidable organization, having ramifications in every country.

"I think no doubt can be felt on this score and information received by the examining magistrate during the last few days has put authorities on the right track."

GUARDS FOR FAURE.

Meantime Faure is guarded with the utmost care. The force of detectives, both in and outside the Elysee, has been strengthened, while in the future he will, on every public appearance he may make, be hedged in by troops.

Yesterday, when he returned from the South, Cuirassiers, with loaded revolvers, rode alongside his carriage.

The fact is the Anarchists look on Faure as an embodiment of the bourgeoise, which they hate more than the aristocracy.

During the Moscow journey extraordinary precautions will be observed. The anxiety of the police is positively alarming, but they are working in the dark, since no real clew exists to the Anarchist plots which the vague, mysterious threats are foreshadowing.

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FAYETTEVILLE REMINISCENCES.

Mr. Deming Writes of the Past.

The Henrietta referred to in my last letter was built near the mouth of Cross Creek. She was a side wheeler, of very pretty model. Her machinery was put in by Samuel Townes of Philadelphia. It was not up to the machinery of the present day, yet she made the quickest trip ever made between Fayetteville and Wilmington—less than eight hours. She was sunk below Wilmington the latter part of the war and never was resurrected. Her machinery was below decks, steered by a tiller. The pilot and engineer stood on the upper deck to operate her, the pilot without shelter, and in rough weather that was rather tough, as I had on several occasions acted as engineer and know by experience. In those days the arrival of the Henrietta was announced by the discharge of a cannon placed on the hill just above the landing. As soon as the steamer turned the point and came in sight, three miles below the landing, her arrival was announced by the discharge of the "big gun." The goods were hauled by wagons up town. Two, three and four horse drays were not uncommon. At the report of the big gun there was a general stampede of wagons to get the first loads of goods. As first came first were served. Some pretty reckless driving was the result, locking wheels, and very often a tangling up of both teams and drivers, some of whom were rough customers.

To facilitate getting goods from the river there was a receiving warehouse built with devices for hoisting goods from the boats and a railroad to bring them up town, but as it was necessary to have wagons to carry the goods to their different points, the railroad was not a permanent success and terminated about where the C. F. & Y. V. crosses Hay street. The motive power was a large gray horse, driven by a man by the name of Brown. The capacity of the car was 25 bales of cotton. I think it was 1834 or 5, when the citizens, schools, &c., marched to the river to commence the railroad or break ground by throwing a spadeful of dirt. I recollect it was a very warm day, and I did not throw much dirt on the occasion.

About that time news was received of the death of Gen. LaFayette. Again business was suspended, and a general turnout of the citizens was requested, and a mock funeral was arranged in honor of his death. The body of a carriage was taken off and arranged to receive the coffin, which was of pine, covered with black cloth. The carriage was drawn by four black horses and four grooms attended each horse. The procession marched to the Presbyterian Church, where services were gone through, after which the congregation was dismissed. Rev. Jas. Douglass, I think, was in charge as minister of the church at the time.

Building up of the burnt district had been going on as rapidly as possible, under the circumstances, and some few houses moved into the district that could be used. The house now kept by Mr. Perry, (except the annex on the east,) was brought up from Campbellton on timber wagons—one-half at a time. It was sawed in two in the middle, in order to get it over the half way bridge. It was called the Geo. Lumsden house, in Campbellton, and stood on 21 street, on the west-side, about a hundred yards above the brick store.

The Market House was completed about 1834. The clock was not put in until 1851. The town clock before the fire was in the Episcopal Church steeple.

Several notable things occurred about that time. The falling of the stars, for one. While putting on the roof of the Market House, some of the tinners got to skylarking, when a man by the name of McKinnon got undersuch headway that he could not check himself, and he went over the scaffold to the debris below, breaking his thigh. It was in warm weather, and for a long time the chances for recovery were doubtful. He recovered at last, however, but was lame for life. I think it was the same season a terrible wind and rain storm came up, seemingly, from different parts of the compass, which scattered scaffoldings in all directions. On the corner where the Pythian building is now, Mr. Arey was having a two story wood building erected. It was blown down, killing a boy who was with a wagon, but ran into the building to get out of the storm.

By that time business began to assume an active shape, and people began to resume their former occupations as fast as houses could be procured. Saw mills and brick yards were operated to their fullest capacity. Circular saws were not used at that time, but the old fashioned upright ones. We had no planing mills; everything of the kind was done by hand, consequently progress was slow.

Beaver Dam Items.

BEAVER DAM, August 23, '97.

MR. EDITOR:—

I will commence writing up Beaver Dam Township now, by telling the rest of the county and the OBSERVER'S many readers that Beaver Dam is a real place, and not an everglade, as people read of in fiction, but a place there never has been much said about by the reading public. We have as patriotic people as there is to be found in any country, with true Southern blood running through their veins, and plenty of county and State pride. We can not boast of our noble Scotch ancestry, but we can boast of our Briton ancestry, as true an anglo-saxon race as ever lived.

Crops are exceptionally fine. Mr. J. S. Horne has the finest cotton field we have seen. A greater portion of it is five or six feet high.

Miss Nancy Beard died August the 20th. She was a very old lady, and died in the triumph of a christian faith.

Mr. J. V. Starling, of Falcon, N. C., spent a day or two visiting in our section last week.

We killed the special school tax with a hurrah that made us feel like our Township was returning to her old glory that she had before the Rep Pop. fusion.

The fusion school committee, appointed under the new law, notified the patrons of a certain district to meet and select a site for a new school house and they put two places in nomination and said patrons let their fiery eloquence get so high that the chairman, who was a good man, announced that prayer was in order; but none of the patrons felt like mixing humble supplication and fiery eloquence together, so the chairman had to do his own praying, and the school committee put the school house where they pleased.

JACK.

[Long Service as an Editorial Sentinel.

Wilmington Messenger.)

It is something to have been an editor in North Carolina "before the war," and nearly ever since peace was declared. Thirty one years ago we began the work of fighting bad politics in North Carolina. The carpet baggers were to the front and Sambo became a factor very potential and damaging in North Carolina politics. Since 1866, with the exception of two or three years, we have been trying to serve our native State with our pen. We have done all we could against the republican or radical party. It was venal, vicious, base, deceitful, low and demagogic in the sixties, and it is all that in the nineties. The old political leopard has not changed a spot nor lost a tooth. It is the same old hungry, prowling beast of prey now that it was in 1866 and later when it "ravened like a wolf." We have never wavered for a moment in our opposition since the old corrupt party was organized in North Carolina. It was born in lust and has lived on predatory warfare. We have never voted for a republican; we have never accepted for an hour its principles and have never dallied for a second with its leaders. We have opposed it from the first because it was the enemy of the south; the enemy of its peace and prosperity; the enemy of genuine democratic, republican government, regulated and limited by constitutional law. It has been for a strong government—a paternal government from the very start. We have antagonized this party of destruction, of robber taxation, of trust favoring, not for a few weeks or months, in a heated campaign, once in a while, every two or four years, according as we might be looking ahead and seeking office. But we have stood on the watch tower a sleepless sentinel through the years as they pass away, and have fought from the first day of January to the last day of December, and then begun again the next day in the new year for the long, unceasing battle for the right, for the south, for the democracy, for a government of the people and by the people and for the people. This has gone on for nearly three decades. It has been no little brief spouting business with us. We have been awake when others slept, watching, waiting. We have been instant in season and out of season trying to teach the truth—such as the great democrats, ever true and faithful, in the past have held and taught and defended and enforced with all the magic of eloquence and all the fervor of honest convictions. We have written enough about democracy to fill a dozen 400 page duodecimo volumes. We have never thought of reward beyond the pleasurable conviction of duty done. We have held no office, sought no office, desired no office. The good opinion of our fellow men is all we sought. With that there is reward enough. We have never desired to be struck by the "pone of bread" or to have our patriotism and democracy measured by surprises of office and the hope of a better place. It is honor enough to be faithful in the place in which you are called under Providence. "Act well your part" is the incentive, and consciousness of fidelity and zeal for the right is the reward. The watchmen on the towers of liberty and constitutional government—the faithful men of the press with sleepless vigils—are still on guard, watching the enemy of the people, holding up the great fundamentals of genuine democracy, and advocation all wise measures that look to the betterment of their fellow men and the prosperity and safety of the state.

SEVENTY-FIRST ITEMS.

SEVENTY-FIRST, Aug. 25, '97.

The young people of lower 71st, picknicked at Mr. Marshall Williams's fish pond on last Friday afternoon. It is spoken of as time delightfully spent.

Mrs. Willie Monroe, of Southern Pines, has been spending several days with her mother, Mrs. D. B. Gillis.

We note with pleasure the convalescence of Mr. J. A. McArthur.

Miss Katie Lindsay will attend the annual meeting of the Ladies' Missionary Union at Ashpole this week.

The farmers hail with delight the return of sunshiny days, and are taking up with great zest the yearly work of "stripping" fodder and "making hay." Their hearts are happy and well content with the prospect of an abundant harvest.

Work is rapidly being pushed to a finish on Mr. J. H. Currie's mill. There was a good deal of repairing to be done, but he will be quite prepared to do better work than ever when the cotton ginning and corn grinding season opens.

We have never before seen such indifference on the subject of common schools, both on the part of patrons and teachers. Of course the present school law is the reason for this apathy. No doubt the feminine contingent of the teachers think, as does your correspondent, that it is scarcely respectable and certainly very undesirable for a young lady to teach a public school under the system of supervision inaugurated by the government rein holders.

SCOTCH LASSIE.

American as She is Spoke.

Illstrated American.)

The indifferent English that prevails among persons of education is deeply deplorable. Conversation is slipshod and trips lightly over grammatical mistakes. Perhaps a musical voice or a convincing delivery makes faults less apparent, but these same solecisms put into print are laughable. A fault which is not confined to locality nor to persons of indifferent breeding is to say, "He don't" for "He doesn't," or the plural negative of "do" in place of the singular. "He don't want to." "She don't like him." "It don't matter," are phrases heard too often from lips that know better. While on the subject of singular and plural verbs it might be well to jog the elbows of those who say, "If I was" (subjunctive) instead of "If I were." The Englishman notices almost immediately our careless eliding of "b" when it is the initial of a pronoun which follows a word ending with a consonant sound, as in "Let 'im take 'is nap." The person who carefully and consistently avoids this fault adds much to the elegance of his speech, but is so seldom found that his correctness is regarded almost as an individual peculiarity. "There were several there" is a redundancy which is common both in print and in conversation. It would be far simpler to say, "Several were there."

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Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the food against alum and all forms of adulteration common to the cheap brands. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

A Voice of Reason from the North.

North Adams (Mass.) Gazette.]

The voice of a woman, wife and mother is heard in the South urging the lynching of black brutes who make it unsafe for her sex to appear away from home without a body guard, and the castle itself is, frequently invaded. Residents of the North—as distinguished from the former "slave States"—do not realize the element of citizenship which came into existence with the Fifteenth Amendment. It is idle to dwell on the lack of morals of the freed negroes, and it is equally idle to now refer to their conditions That they have civilized remarkably, wonderfully, in direct ratio with the effort that has been bestowed, is undoubted, but the education and elevation of 4,000,000 blacks is a task from which Hercules might well have shrunk. A mass of them could never be reached. There are to day in the Southern States especially, masses who are even worse than when their ancestors were emancipated—worse, because peculiarly susceptible to carpet-bagging influences. These negroes are not simply blacks; they are more—they are brutes, and rapists. If lynchings beget massacres and a race war, it is the only means the civilized inhabitant possesses of exterminating the vipers native of that section.

The negro has proved himself capable of elevating himself, and a grand and successful work is in progress. It is not with the negro race the South has to deal. It is the race of rapists that must be exterminated.

In a recent issue of the Fayetteville (N. C.) OBSERVER, a leading article from the pen of E. J. Hale, urges the return of dissatisfied Populists to the ranks of the Democratic party. The writer advocates a "White Maa's Party," and says:

It was, it seemed to us, a matter of comparatively small consequence whether their grievances were real or imaginary: without them the whites were practically in the minority in North Carolina; with them the whites could win as of yore.

If we place the proper kind of men in charge and draw the color line strictly, the bulk of the Populists will return. Otherwise they will remain aloof and our State will be negroized.

The conduct of a people tells what words and silence conceal. In Massachusetts there is no personal admiration for the average negro, but in Massachusetts, with barely an exception, the negroes are far above the average, and entitled to a large measure of respect South of Mason and Dixon's line the hatred of the black is uncontrolable. They have reason to regard him as a brute until the contrary is shown. Here it is the reverse. The people of the South could not elevate all the colored population. It was and is too great a burden. If the North has been likewise unsuccessful, what shall be said against "the White Man's Party," in North Carolina?

Nature's Detectives.

When a crime is committed, no matter in what corner of the earth the criminal tries to hide, he knows that probably somewhere or other on the look-out is a detective waiting to lay his hand on him.

When any disease attacks mankind and hides itself in the human system, no matter how obscure or complicated the disease may be, Nature among her great force of detective remedies has one that will eventually hunt down and arrest that particular disease.

Lung and bronchial diseases are among the most baffling complaints which doctors have to deal with; because it isn't the lungs or bronchial tubes alone which are affected, but every corner of the system furnishes a lurking place for these elusive maladies.

They change and reappear and dodge about the system under numberless disguises. They are almost always complicated with liver or stomach troubles, nervousness, neuralgia, or "general debility."

The best detective remedy which Nature has provided to search out and arrest these perplexing ailments is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It lays an arresting hand directly upon the poisonous, paralyzing elements hiding in the liver and digestive organs.

It gives the blood-making glands power to manufacture an abundant supply of pure, red, highly vitalized blood which reinforces the lungs with healthy tissue; feeds the nerve-centres with power, and builds up solid muscular flesh and active energy.

For weak lungs, spitting of blood, shortness of breath, nasal catarrh, bronchitis, severe coughs, asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. While it promptly cures the severest cough it strengthens the system and purifies the blood.

Large Attendance at Oak Ridge.

Correspondence of the Observer.]

OAK RIDGE, N. C., Aug. 21, '97.

Oak Ridge Institute has begun her 47th year with the largest enrollment in her history. From all parts of the State, from the mountains, to the sea and beyond the sea, from all parts of the South, students have been assembling for a week. This is a substantial compliment to the superior advantages, in climate, in equipment, and in management, offered here. The enrollment will reach 300 this year.

Fayetteville is represented by H. A. Lambeth, Physical Director, A. and W. E. McArthur, and others to follow next week.

H.

Why Advertising Pays.

"If advertising does not pay," says Ad Sense, "why is it that the Youth's Companion gets over $800 a year for one inch space each issue? How is it that the Ladies' Home Journal gets $4,000 for a page ad.? Why do four advertisers pay $6,000 each for a quarter page ad on the back cover in Munsey's Magazine? Are advertisers throwing money away like this or does it really pay them?" It might be added also, why is it that it is the Fayetteville merchant who is the best advertiser who does the best business.

Three New Magistrates.

Thursday Clerk of the Court Cyrus Murphy received notice from the Governor appointing Jno. Black, Elisha Monroe, and Jefferson D. Monroe, all of 71st Township, magistrates, with terms to expire on the first Monday in December, 1898. These men were elected magistrates last November, but failed to file a schedule of election expenses and qualify within ten days, therefore being debarred from office. The right to appoint their successors is vested in the Governor, and he appointed the men who had been disqualified.

The Sewer Case.

Drs. McDuffie and McNeill returned from Carthage Thursday. Judge McIver heard their evidence in regard to the jail sewer case, took the numerous affidavits and reserved his decision. Both doctors testified that the use of the Donaldson street sewer should be discontinued, but not until Fall, when the proposed sewer to the creek below Newberry's mill could be constructed with safety to the health of the community. They testified that this was a better plan than the one proposed by the plaintiff—i. e., the carrying off of the garbage in buckets, until the sewer was completed.

Branch of the Short Cut.

The Wilmington Messenger of a recent date, says:

Mr. Joseph H. McRee, the civil engineer, and Mr. J. McRee Hatch, returned yesterday from Elrod where they went to assist Colonel F. Gardner, chief engineer of the Atlantic Coast Line, in making the survey and locating the line for the new railroad from Elrod, on the Short Cut, in Robeson county, to Ashpole, in the same county. The line was located and work has begun on the right-of-way. The distance from Elrod to Ashpole is about 11 miles and when the road is completed, it will be continued from Ashpole to Hub, a distance of nine miles, where it will form a junction with the Wilmington and Conway railroad, which is a branch of the Atlantic Coast Line

Excursionists to Wilmington.

The Wilmington Messenger of Sunday gave the following facts and figures:

Excursionists brought to Wilmington by the railroads and other transportation lines, season 1896, 26,921.

Excursionists, this season, to August 1, 1897, 20,079.

It is conservative to estimate visitors to our city, and its seaside resorts, annually at 30,000 persons.

The Seacoast Railroad to the Sound, and the steamer, under Capt. Haper, to Carolina Beach, have transported, in the past ten years, one million people, and have not had an accident by which a life or limb was lost.

The Seacoast Railroad carried to the Sound, season 1896, 116,504 passengers.

The Steamer Wilmington to Carolina Beach, season 1896, 32,560 passengers.

The Railroad has carried to the Sounds, this season, to August 1, 1897, 72,012 passengers.

The Steamer Wilmington to Carolina Beach, this season, to August 5, 1897, 42,120 passengers.

A Sneak Thief Captured.

Thursday between nine and ten o'clock, some one sneaked into Mr. C. M. Watson's house, on Ramsey street, and stole a pair of shoes from the hall. The family were at home, but knew nothing of the robbery until the shoes were missed about ten o'clock. It was then learned that a negro tramp was seen on the piazza shortly before, and with a description of the man, officers Flowers, Benton, Kinlaw and Mr. E. E. Gorham (on a bicycle) started out in pursuit. Mr. Benton soon overhauled a tramp, likely to be the man, though he did not have the stolen property and took him to the guard house. Officers Flowers, Kinlaw and Mr. Gorham, who had taken another direction, caught sight of a tramp on the A. C. L. track, near the river bridge, and Mr. Gorham scorched after him, overtaking the fellow in the woods after a lively chase. On his feet were found the missing shoes, and he was soon lauded in the lockup.

He gave his name as W. J. Thomas and said he was from Florida. It seems that he and the tramp Mr. Benton captured were partners in hoboing. Each accuses the other of committing the theft.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

What an Un-Bossed Democracy Can Do.

The power of the British empire is stupendous. That is because it is ruled by patriots, and not by bosses—as is the case with Spain, whose officials steal the soldiers' pay; and largely is the case with us in America, where we pay corrupt yankees exorbitant prices for defective armor plate, and waste hundreds of millions in pensions and otherwise.

The Philadelphia Record's Sunday London correspondence contains this significant item:

The speedy nipping in the bud of this dangerous [India] insurrection has demonstrated the splendid state of preparation to which the British army in India has been brought. Within a few days a fully equipped force of 37,000 men of all arms was hurried to the front without a hitch, proving beyond dispute the military strength of Great Britain's position in India and furnishing food for thought on Afghanistan and in Russia.

In this connection it is interesting to note that the British at the present moment are concerned in a multitude of more or less extensive military operations, including three separate campaigns in India, besides the campaign in the Sudan, the occupation of the Island of Crete and in suppressing the revolts in Matabeleland, Basuteland, Bechuanaland and in the Niger district.

The Queen's Choice.

London Telegraph.]

Great amusement was caused by the recital of an incident which occurred soon after her majesty's accession to the throne. A grand dinner party was being given at Buckingham palace. The probable husband the queen might select was then a matter of much interest and speculation. Lord Melbourne as prime minister, felt the matter to be one in which he was entitled to obtain information if possible. So he inquired of the queen, as neatly as he could, whether there was any individual for whom she entertained a preference. Her majesty was a little taken aback, and inquired whether he put the question as a matter of State policy. If so, she would endeavor to give him an answer. Lord Melbourne replied that he did, and that under no other circumstances would he have ventured to intrude in so delicate a matter. "Then," said the queen, "there is one person for whom I entertain a decided preference." "Yes?" said Lord Melbourne, expecting to hear a great secret. "And that is—that is," said the queen, "the duke of Wellington!" The venerable hero of Waterloo was past his 70th year, and the story used to be retailed by Lord Melbourne at his own expence.

Laugh at the Sun Drink HIRES Rootbeer
Keep Cool-Drink HIRES Rootbeer
Keep Well-Drink HIRES Rootbeer
Quenches your thirst HIRES Rootbeer.

OBITUARY.

John A. Sykes was born September 15th, 1838, and was married to Miss Mary McDuffie November 29, 1871, and died at his home in Fayetteville, N. C, August 21st, 1897, aged 58 years, 11 months and 6 days. He was taken with heart disease in April last, and came near dying with his first attack, but his life was prolonged by skilful medical attention. He was converted to God soon after he was taken sick, and joined the Methodist church. His great desire was to be able to go to church, and tell his friends what the Lord had done for him. He died in the full assurance of eternal life. Among the last things that he said was: "Lord Jesus receive my soul."

He leaves a devoted wife and three sons, Archie J, Eugene C. and John A., all worthy young men, besides a large circle of friends and relatives to mourn his death; and while they sorrow for him, their sorrow is not as those who have no hope; for they are assured that he died in peace with God and man.

L. L. NASH.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

ISAAC A. MURCHISON. WILLIAM H. POPE.

MURCHISON & POPE,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
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April 29, 1880.

DR. G. B. PATTERSON. DR. J. S. BETTS.

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Offer their services to the citizens of Fayetteville and surrounding country.

THE OBSERVER.

THURSDAY.....SEPTEMBER 2, 1897

E. J. HALE, Editor and Proprietor.

E. J. HALE, Jr., General Business Mang'r.

Established in 1825 by E. J. Hale, Sr.

FAYETTEVILLE N. C.

FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES IN 1900.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN.

DEMOCRATS, BE ON YOUR GUARD.

If any one had any doubt of the true inwardness of the goldbug "democratic" movement before the campaign of 1896, he must have had that doubt completely removed by the action of the Cleveland, or gold, "Democrats" during that campaign. There were three classes of them: (1) those who went over to the Republican party; (2) those who advocated and voted the Palmer and Buckner decoy ticket; and (3) those who trained with the Democracy, but did all they could to defeat the party they trained with. The two last are not desirable kind of people, but the last of the two approach uncanniness.

As Cleveland was a traitor, according to the proposition laid down by his present defenders when they were seeking for moral backing for those Senators who were about to "flop" to the unconditional repeal side, so those who still defend him must be held, to say the least, to be poor advisers for loyal Democrats at any time. We might dismiss them as such, simply, were it not for their very peculiar tactics at this time. They cry out for a "straight" fight for the Democracy, and at the same time continue to obtrude upon the public their goldbug and Cleveland allegiance. They do not stop at this, but are now bold enough to reveal the cloven foot in a very pronounced way. They uncover the wish that is father to their dearest thought by giving prominent circulation to the following which appears in their goldbug papers:

MUST FLOP TO POPULISM.

Thomas E. Watson Says That the Silver Democrats Will Have to Leave Their Party.

Atlanta Dispatch to the Baltimore Sun.

Thomas E Watson, of Georgia, late candidate on the Populist ticket for Vice President of the United States, is out in an interview to-day in which he says that by the time the fall campaigns begin there will not be a silver Democrat in the country, as men holding silver views will be compelled to walk into the Populist ranks and leave the old party organization to the gold men.

He issues an urgent invitation to all silverites to take shelter under the "broad arms of Populism," and says the struggle between the two metals will be short, sharp and decisive. Mr. Watson argues that the gold wing of the Democratic party, "by its persistent attacks on Mr. Bryan, coupled with the supreme contempt with which it always regarded anything approaching free-silverism" will effectually split up the party and show to the advocates of silver the necessity of embracing the cause of a party that is "more tolerant and has more new issues to fight for than the old-line Democrats."

The time has come, says Mr. Watson, when the people of the United States realize that the only party which will devote all of its power to the conquest of monopolies, trusts and rings is the Populist party, and that it will be the vantage ground on which all true patriots will rally in 1900. He speaks skeptically as to the assertion that the advance in wheat and cotton is to be credited to Republican agencies, and says that what is called prosperity may be attributed to the scarcity of crops abroad and the expectation that the actual harvested crops will far below the estimates. If this is not the case, he says, it is simply an excitement raised by the "gamblers in the pit" for selfish ends. He does not say as much, but Mr. Watson is planning for a big State campaign this fall, and declares that his party will carry the election here by a tremendous majority.

The foregoing first appeared in Mr. Hoke Smith's Atlanta Journal, we believe, the headquarters of the Cleveland propaganda in the South. Thence it was telegraphed to the Baltimore province, and then taken up by the faithful in the other provinces.

The "cheek" of those who still approve of Cleveland and the gold standard and yet appeal to Democrats for a "straight" fight, is apparent when it is recalled that the Democratic national convention repudiated both Cleveland and the gold standard. Ordinary folks would call that kind of fight "crooked," not "straight."

Finally, please take note that the goldbugs, on the one side, and Auditor Hal Ayer for the populists, on the other side, are both crying out for a union of the whites outside of party lines. Thus the enemies of Democracy seek to entice the now strong party from its citadel.

PUBLICITY.

The Atlanta Constitution has done a noble work in exposing the outrageous abuses of the convict system practised in Georgia. It received a great deal of abuse from those who were interested in keeping the facts secret; but it persisted, with the result that a searching investigation will be instituted and the practice reformed.

So the New York Journal has in the last week or so been stirring both hemispheres to indignant remonstrance against Weyler's methods in Cuba by publishing the infamous particulars of the case of the high-bred Miss Cisneros, niece of the President of the Cuban Council, who has been imprisoned for a year past in the loathsome prison for abandoned women and compelled to live in the same apartment with them.

So the New York Times, some two decades ago, started the reformation of New York by calling on Tweed and his ring for an accounting of their trust. Such a bellowing with rage the ringsters set up, such indignation they professed that any one should reflect upon their "honor"! The idea that their accounts should be dragged into the public light for the vulgar herd to see! But the Times and its co-adjutors persisted, a new spirit seized the erstwhile submissive people, Tweed became a fugitive from justice, and the dirty city, with its high priced beefsteaks, cabs and gas and its rough roadways and unsightly buildings, set out upon the career which has so greatly transformed it. No doubt, it will in time be able to float its bonds at 2½ per cent., as London did the other day, instead of paying the double interest which our American cities have to groan under because their secretive method inspires suspicion in money lenders. The excess of interest above 2½ per cent. is the measure of distrust. After awhile, that humble beast, the American taxpayer, will open his eyes to his duty to himself, to his neighbor and to his children, and, every time he puts his hand in his pocket to pay his taxes, he will curse the existence of secretiveness which has doomed him and (in some degree) his posterity to the burden of 5, 6 and 7 per cent. interest on his public indebtedness, when money is worth but a half or a third of those rates.

So it will be in all such matters. Publicity, publicity, for public things, is the modern cure for medieval abuses and their present day equivalent.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Read, elsewhere, the Norfolk Pilot's fine sarcasm in its analysis of the ultimate elements of the goldbug's "confidence."

* * *

Mr. W. Murdoch Wiley is a most entertaining writer, but he should not represent a typical ante-bellum Southern gentleman as saying "I'm going to learn him." Men of that class didn't use the verb that way.

* * *

Yesterday's Wilmington Star contains a well written and interesting account of the Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry and of its experiences at Bethel. It gives a roster of the company after it was mustered into the Confederate service and when it was assigned to the 1st Regiment N. C. Troops, viz: on the 17th of May, 1861. We presume the article was written by the editor of the Star, who was a member of the Company and served with it at Bethel.

The Heartstrings and the Birthland.

Our old friend and former countyman, Mr. W. L. Murphy, of Mexia, Texas, whose visit to his former home we recently mentioned, has written from Morganton a letter to Dr. J. W. McNeill, son of his farther's nearest neighbor and friend, from which we are permitted to make the following extracts:

I am about on the eve of my departure for Texas, the home I adopted in 1873, when I left good old Cumberland county for the "far West," but I cannot leave this land of my nativity without again expressing to you the sincere thanks of myself and wife for the many courtesies extended us by yourself and your good wife during our stay in your midst.

My wife is carried away with love and admiration for the people of good old Fayetteville and Cumberland county. I have often told her of these people, and she felt that she knew them before she visited your section. Now she says the "half has not been told."

Every tree, every creek, river and spring in Cumberland county is dear to me. Our trip out to my old home, on Rockfish, I shall never, never, forget. After a quarter of a century's absence from the old home, strange and queer emotions arise in one's bosom when "viewing the landscape o'er," and hard, hard indeed, must one's heart be who would not shed a tear on such an occasion. Sacred in my memory shall ever be the last glance at my old home, and the graves of my father and mother, when we left old Rockfish a few evenings since.

I shall never forget the meeting with your dear old father, that venerable, hale and healthy old gentleman. He looked as he did 25 years ago, when I bade him good bye. May I, in after years, again have the pleasure of grasping his hand, and I believe I shall. His physical condition is wonderful to me.

While I found but little changes in Fayetteville's appearance from what it was 25 years ago, still, it was with sadness that I missed so many faces, the old "landmarks" of the town. Many of them have "passed over the River." The Williamses, Lilys, McKethans, Robinsons, Hinsdales, and many others—all men whose examples would do to follow. Strive to get the young men of Cumberland county to emulate their example. While some of your citizens seem a little down-hearted over the future of Fayetteville, still, I have hopes that some great thing is in store for her. Old Fayetteville is too noble a town to ever exist only in history. Her people are too clever to allow it.

I could spend a year in your section and then not get through handshaking. Plead this as my apology for not meeting all; my time was limited. It hurts me more not to meet my friends than it did them not to see me.

Oh, that we could find the "fountain of Youth," drink and live forever, but it cannot be, so my wish is that we may live to a ripe old age, and when we are called to the "other side," may we all be prepared to pass over and have a re-union from which there will be no parting forever and forever, and where all is eternal bliss.

A Difference In Sport.

Household Words.)

The late Dr. Wilberforce, bishop of Winchester, was a keen sportsman by inclination, and one day, when on a visit at a ducal seat, was persuaded to join a shooting party. His grace's head keeper was a Scotchman and a Presbyterian, and the bishop tried to engage him in a friendly chat, but finding the keeper's replies were short and reserved, he said, "I suppose, Grant, you think a bishop ought not to go shooting?" "Weel, my lord" said the Scot frankly, "I doubt ye'll find no warrant for it in the Screeptur. Did ye ever read of the apostles going out shooting?" "No, true," replied the bishop. "They had no game in Palestine in those days. They went out fishing instead."

JUST try a 10c. box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

FAYETTEVILLE REMINISCENCES.

Mr. Deming Writes of the Past.

[CONTINUED.]

People of the present day have but little idea of the difficulties of 60 years ago which those of that day had to contend with. Yet, the people were a happier and better people than those of the present day, in my humble judgment. Trickery and rascality could not flourish amongst the people as it does at this time. Honesty seems to be at a discount, while trickery is at a premium, from the highest officers of the country clean through.

The Donaldson Academy, which stood where the Graded School building is now, was finished in '35 or '6. Rev. Simeon Colton was principal, Mr. Rockwell was assistant, with A. B. Ely and others. I think when I left the school in June 1839, there were probably some hundred scholars; perhaps more. I can now only think of a few besides myself who are living: Judge Buxton, A. A. McCaskill, Theo. Evans, T. F. Potter, (Potter lives in Alabama; Evans, in Wilmington), and I B. Hawley. Possibly there are others, of whom I do not know, as quite a number of the scholars were from abroad. I left home at that time and went with my mother to visit relatives in Massachusetts, Connecticut and New York. I was sent to the Chicopee Falls Company of that place in Massachusetts to learn the machinist's trade. My Uncle, Sam'l Bowles, Sr., founder of the Springfield Republican, wanted to make a printer of me, but I liked the machinist's business, and served my time at it, and returned home November 1842. Many changes had taken place while I was away, some three and a half years. Many strangers had come in, old acquaintances gone away, etc., etc. I could not content myself to be idle, and there being nothing in my line of business, I left for Wilmington. Mr. Doyle O'Hanlon, who owned the steamers John Walker and W. B. Meares, asked me to take a trip with him to Wilmington, and on arrival, we went up to the W. & W. Railroad shops, where he introduced me to Mr. Schrader, the M. M., at that time, who kindly gave me employment. The shops were poorly equipped with tools, the work entirely different from what I had been accustomed to, the employees all strangers and mostly pretty hard cases.

It was pretty hard for me to "stick." I soon got the hang of the work, tools, &c., and became acquainted with shop hands, and other employes. I managed to stay until 1847, when there was a change in the M. M.'s. I left, for I could not agree with the last appointment. I went to Chicopee Falls, Mass., and obtained work in the same shops where I served my apprenticeship, but under a new firm, who had bought the Chicopee Falls works, the Ames Manufacturing Company, where I worked until September, 1849, when I went to Cincinnati, with the Little Miami R. R. Co., then to the Columbus and Xenia R. R. Co., returning home in 1852, and settling down, as I had in the meantime married and had children, which stopped my roving about.

Since that time, I have been engaged in various occupations—merchandising, steamboating, railroading, &c., lastly with the C. F. & Y. V. R. R. Co. In June, 1856, I assisted in putting up the first engine on the Western R. R. and ran her for several months, until the iron was laid to Little River, all of which I hauled from the landing, besides cross ties, and filling up trestles, &c., &c.

On arrival of machinery and refugees from Harper's Ferry I went to work at the Arsenal and staid until Sherman's army arrived and destroyed it, with little credit to Sherman or "Uncle Sam," but a great damage to our town. Lieut. (afterwards Colonel) DeLagnel was in command with a company of about 80 men when war was declared. I think it was on the 9th of April, '61, that it was surrendered. The town was put under guard, and all the available force mustered in. We had two old iron cannon. Our forces were drawn into line and extended up Hay street and out upon Haymount. It was a warm day and some few fainted by the wayside. About 4 o'clock of that day, Col. DeLagnel passed through our line, reviewing our forces, before surrendering. When coming to Captain Bulla's company the Colonel asked how many men he had. Captain Bulla replied —— so many here and more in the swamps. Col. DeLagnel asked him if he expected to take the Arsenal with such equipped forces. Yes, he replied, we could take it with fence rails.

Col. DeLagnel probably thinking it unnecessary to spill any blood, surrendered the Arsenal with 30,000 stand of arms, on condition that he would be allowed to move his company, stores, &c.

The salute of the Confederate flag by the artillery put the whole country about here in an uproar as they thought the battle had commenced while it was only the end of it.

I purpose, at some future time to say something of the good old citizens of the town and surrounding country, a far different class of people from those of the present day.

An Important Work

Raleigh News and Observer.)

Dr. Stephen B. Weeks, of the U. S. bureau of education, who is engaged in writing for that department 'A History of the common schools of North Carolina,' is in the city to work in the state library. He is also collecting data for a history of education in the confederacy. Dr. Weeks will be here for a week or so.

The friends of Dr. Weeks are gratified at the high stand he has taken in the federal capital, for they know that his chief study is to bring to the surface the unexplored historical riches of North Carolina.

Dr. Weeks has written more about North Carolina history than any living man. He has a genius for finding out what others have never thought worth looking for, and has wisely put it all in imperishable type. The fault of our students of history has been that they did not give their researches permanent form. Dr. Weeks has written 1,000 octavo pages of North Carolina History, covering the most important epoch in our history. He is now at work on a book, 'Willie P. Mangum and His Times—1842-1861," in which he will also write the history of the people of the State from the adoption of the federal constitution to the war between the States. He is collecting material for this important work, and has already obtained a vast mass of it, and will devote four or five years at least to the research and writing.

Dr. Weeks has, perhaps, the largest collection extant of pamphlets, original manuscripts, autograph letters, maps, books, magazines and newspaper articles and confederate publications bearing on the history of the State, and it is the work of thirteen years of continual search, sweeping two continents. Dr. Weeks has as keen a nose for a scent of North Carolina history as a good dog has for a rabbit, and when he starts after anything, he never fails to get it."

Throwing Gold Dust in Our Eyes.

Norfolk Pilot.)

He is a very dull and short sighted being who does not comprehend that under all this cry for sound money, honest money, the best money, GOLD! there is a positive intent (if possible) on part of the managers of this chorus to impose upon us a currency of paper shin-plasters. That is the game; that is the scheme; and if gold is to retain its monetary value and to go on and up in enhancing price, the more valuable it is the less we shall see of it, the more difficult it will be to obtain it, and it will become the international money in a special sense—the medium of exchange between money kings and other royal personages in settlement of national loans, war and other indemnities, and the large transactions of a national and international character; while the base and vulgar multitude, deprived of silver to aggrandize gold and so that the shin plaster plot may be the more easily effected, shall be fobbed off with rag, wooden pulp and other paper promises which will never be paid, are never intended to be paid, which, in fact, it is impossible to pay, and whose final redemption and satisfaction, in the last resort, will be the alleged suspension of specie payment (which never existed!) and the closing of the banks which, meanwhile, will have transmuted their rags and wood en pulp into gold, or still better, the real wealth of property and production which the people were silly enough to exchange for rags and pulp under the delusion that these were money or equivalent thereto.

The transmutation of the baser metals into gold by the philosopher's stone, by the process of Brice, Cocke & Co., of Chicago, or by the alchemy of the Dark ages, was a small and ridiculous business in comparison with this mammoth and Cyclopean swindle by an actual transmutation of rags and old field pines into gold coin! The swindle will be all the more stupendous and atrocious because it will be as real as the process by which it is accomplished. Our astute contemporary, the Richmond Times, laughs at the "manufacture of gold" in Chicago; but in the goldite scheme, of which the Times is a leading tooter, there will be an absolute transmutation of the most worthless rags and wood into the precious metal, accompanied at the same time and through the same process by a transfer of the property and productions of the people, that constitute all real wealth, to the honest money, sound money operators, whose gold and best money turn out to be worse than dry leaves—the most worthless of rags and rotten vegetable fibre!

All that is the true inwardness of the paper money system, based on the golden mirage, or gilded credit, that is to restore prosperity and bring us a millenium! Yes: a millenium of, for and by millionaires, and a sheol on earth for the rest of us. Then the contractionists will have wrought their perfect work. Narrowing the basis of money from gold and silver to gold only; then to an ideal gold standard, to be used only as a measure in the vaults of the Treasury or in the safe rooms of the banks; then in a promise of gold; then to imaginary gold reserves (airy nothings, without a local habitation, unless in the moon;) then to gilt-edged credit; then to "confidence" (or faith), "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen;" and then, this failing, betrayed, we discover the basis to be nothing—NOTHING!

Gold is merely the tune, the pretext; gold is not in it at all for the people; and like the golden pea of the thimble rigger, which appears to be under every thimble at once in rapid succession, it is under neither when the test is made. You lose your venture and the thimble-rigger has both it and the gold.

Shall we smash this game, or let it ruin us?

A Mass of Legislation.

The mass of legislation or attempts at legislation, says Mr. Godkin in his article upon The Decline of Legislatures in the July Atlantic, is something startling. I have been unable to obtain records of the acts and resolutions of all the states the same year. I am obliged to take those of Arkansas for the year 1893, four other states for 1894, ten for 1896, and the rest for 1895. But I have taken only one year for each state. The total of such acts and resolutions is 15,730, and this is for a population of 70,000,000. Besides this congress in 1895-96 passed 457 acts and resolutions. But the amount of work turned out is really not very surprising when we consider the number of the legislators. There are no less than 447 national legislators, and 6,578 state legislators, in all 7,025, exclusive of county, city, and all other local authorities capable of passing rules or ordinances. At this ratio of legislators to population, 4,000 at least would be enaged on the laws of Great Britain, without any provision for India and the colonies, 3,800 on those of France, about 5,000 on those of Germany, and 3,000 on those of Italy. It will be easily seen what a draft this is on the small amount of legislative capacity which every community contains. Nothing like it has ever been seen in the history of the world. There is no country which has yet shown itself capable of producing more than one small first class legislative assembly. We undertake to keep going forty-five for the state alone, besides those for Territories. All these assemblies, too, have to do with interests of the highest order.

A Household Necessity.

Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, act gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispel colds, cure headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. to-day; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists. Sold by B. E. Sedberry & Sons.

Vim, vigor and victory:—these are the characteristics of De Witt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills for constipation, biliousness and all stomach and liver troubles. KING BROS.

KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN!

Surely if the word REGULATOR is not on a package it is not

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR.

Nothing else is the same. It cannot be and never has been put up by any one except

J. H. ZEILIN & CO.

And it can be easily told by their TRADE MARK—

THE RED Z.

Battle of Moore's Creek Bridge.

Pender Star.)

This famous battle ground is again attracting attention. Mr. Duncan Ross, of Fayetteville, and a gentleman of decided literary gifts, has written at length on the battle, and pronounces the result attained at the fight the most important of the whole war for independence. We clip the following from the Wilmington Messenger:

"We publish an instructive paper from a young and gifted North Carolinian magazine writer—a native of Fayetteville. We had no idea of questioning for a moment the importance in results of the engagement at Moore's Creek bridge. When we spoke of it as a skirmish we had in mind the small losses sustained. It is usually the way to designate a small fight as to casualties as a skirmish rather than a pitched battle. We are aware of the actual importance attaching to the fight in Pender county in the last century, having long ago read with some care some of the authorities. It is quite an honor to the people of North Carolina, and we are not disposed in any way to depreciate the character or value of the conflict in its results. We are gratified, however, that Mr. Ross has taken time to write of the engagement as, comparatively, but few North Carolinians, except the school children, have any proper understanding of the events leading to the battle or the good done by it."

An official report of the battle from Gen. James Moore to President Harnett, says:

March 2, 1776.

"The next morning, 27th February, at break of day, an alarm gun was fired, immediately after which, scarcely leaving our people a moment to prepare, the Tory army, with Captain McLeod at their head, made their attack on Colonels Caswell and Lillington, and finding a small entrenchment nex the bridge on our side empty, concluded that our people had abandoned the post, and in the most furious manner advanced within thirty paces of our breastworks and artillery, where they met a very proper reception."

"Capt. McLeod was killed, as was also Capt. John Campbell, and Gen. McDonald was taken prisoner." "About 20 men were killed. It was the purpose of the loyalists from Cross Creek to flank Wilmington and capture it and unite with the British fleet in the Cape Fear River."

The breastworks are yet intact, and a monument costing $800, erected by private subscription, adorns the battle field.

The battle-ground is private property, and it seems our people have not pride enough to secure it and beautify the historic place.

The Case of Secretary Sherman.

New York Journal.

The President is not entitled to the slightest sympathy for the embarrassments into which the senile vagaries of the Secretary of State have plunged the Administration.

Mr. Sherman is unfit for any office of trust and responsibility whatever. Particularly is he disqualified for one which presupposes the possession of unusual qualities of discretion and tact in its incumbent. The forgetfulness and the garrulity of old age have become Mr. Sherman's dominant characteristics. More than once he has brought the nation to the verge of a diplomatic crisis by his unguarded and irresponsible prattle upon subjects of grave international importance. Serious results have been averted only by the contemptuous toleration of the blunders of our Secretary of State by foreign diplomats. The United States is put in the mortifying position of escaping the serious consequences of its chief diplomatic official's eccentricities only by the willingness of the Foreign Offices of Europe to regard him as feeble minded and irresponsible.

This is a heavy price to pay for the presence of Mark Hanna in the United States Senate. It is a price which President McKinley knew perfectly well would be entailed when he appointed Sherman in order to clear the path for Hanna, for even then the Secretary's mental infirmities were matter of current notoriety. Emphatically the time has come when the people are weary of their share in the bargain made for them. The situation in the State Department is intolerable and should be radically remedied, even if as a result Hanna's Senatorial prospects be put in jeopardy.

Blessings of Goldbug Fusion.

Hickory Times.)

1. The Treasury has been emptied so that the special appropriations made by the Legislature cannot be paid.

2. A goldbug Senator was elected by men whom their own party leaders say were bribed with promises of office.

3. A large number of negro magistrates and constables have been elected in eastern counties. Negroes have been appointed on school committees and vested with full authority to visit and oversee the public schools of the whites.

4. The insurance companies have closed their offices in Greenville because the government of the town is such that they cannot afford to do business there.

5. Halifax county, under fusion control, is bankrupt and the treasury has ceased to pay county orders.

6. The Legislature has empowered the Government to appoint aldermen in several towns and cities of the State, thus scandalously violating every principle of home rule.

7. A fusion justice of the peace in Cabarrus county has been convicted of compounding a felony.

8. A member of the board of county commissioners of Warren county has fled from justice, under a charge of seduction.

9. The chairman of the board of county commissioners of Vance county has been bound over to court on an indictment for corruption in office.

Gentlemen, how do you like fusion rule as far as you've tried it?

WHEN bilious or costive, eat a Cascaret candy cathartic, cure guaranteed. 10c. 25c.

Interesting and Important Statistics.

The Sheriff Saturday finished making up his report of all listed property in Cumberland county, to be forwarded to the State Board of Equalization. He has kindly furnished us with the complete report, which is as follows:

All property assessed for taxation in Cumberland county for the year 1897:

	No. of	Valuation.
Real Estate,	524.792 acr.	$1,425,919
Town Lots,	1,547	779,237
Total val. real estate,		2,204,256
PERSONAL PROPERTY.		
Horses,	1.277	49,531
Mules,	1,308	53,679
Jacks,	4	55
Goats,	1,792	1,432
Cattle,	7,770	41.246
Hogs,	23.959	23.538
Sheep,	4,136	3.730
Bicycles,	790	3,160
MISCELLANEOUS.		
Unenumerated,		75
Farming Utensils,		2,176
Tools of Mechanics,		2,030
Household and Kitchen Fur.,		80,723
Provisions,		22.164
Fire Arms,		3,034
Libraries,		4,903
Scientific Instruments,		973
Cotton in Seed or Lint,		3,147
Tobacco,		156
Turpentine, Rosin and Tar,		1,915
Brandy and Whisky,		597
Musical Instruments,		7,448
Plated and Silver Ware,		850
Watches and Jewelry,		5,578
All other property whatever,		17,105
Solvent Credits,		141.419
Shares in Incorporated Co.'s,		4,170
Money on hand,		68,070
Shares in National State and Private Banks,		44,030
Shares in Building and Loan Associations,		1,300
Gross Income from property not taxed,		10,700
Total amount of Listed Property,		2,050,283

The above list includes only the Listed property of the county.

Death of Mr. J. C. Thomson.

This venerable, and much respected citizen, died at his home on Haymount, Sunday morning at 5 o'clock. His death has been expected for some time, but when it came it filled the hearts of his friends, and they are all the people, with sadness.

John C. Thomson was born in Pleasant Valley, New York State, February 26, 1816. He came to Fayetteville, N. C., in 1843, and for 54 years has resided here. He was an upright, honorable, christian gentleman, and dies full of years, and honored by all. He has been a member of the Methodist church for 66 years; a member of Hay Street Methodist Church, of this city, for 54 years. Most, if not all of this time he has been an official member. At the time of his death he was president of the Board of Trustees, Steward, and Librarian of the Sunday School.

He was a successful business man, and until the infirmities of age disabled him, he was unusually energetic and active.

He leaves a widow and three children, Mrs. M. J. Pemberton, George A. and John P. Thomson, besides several grand children.

He was married to Miss Margaret Cramer, who was raised in his neighborhood in New York State, and whom he had known from childhood, on the 13th of January, 1838. For nearly 60 years they have walked side by side through life. In 1888 they celebrated their golden wedding. Theirs has been a long and happy life.

Mr. Thomson was a gentleman of the old school, honorable, refined and pious. He will be missed in all the higher walks of life among our people. His funeral was held from Hay Street M. E. Church South, at 5 o'clock Monday evening.

The Flea Hill Swamp Lands.

There is a large portion of Flea Hill township which is destitute of population, although the land is magnificent for farming. For a number of years a steady stream of families have been emigrating from that neighborhood, until now it is said one can go as far as seven miles without seeing an inhabited dwelling. This apparently strange phenomenon is caused by the death dealing swamps which abound there, breeding fevers of every description, especially the dreaded hemorrhagic, the most terrible of all fevers.

This land is exceedingly rich, and if the swamps were drained, there would be no more desirable locality in Cumberland than upper Flea Hill. If the owners have not money enough to drain this land, possibly they could sell it to the State for a convict farm or, better still, perhaps the State could be induced to furnish convict labor to drain the swamps at a nominal rental. It certainly should be drained one way or another.

RED SPRINGS LOCALS.

RED SPRINGS, Aug. 28, '97.

Red Springs first bale of new cotton, 577 pounds, was sold at 9¼ cents, and was bought by Livermore & McKinnon.

W. R. Webster was a happy man as he received the Red Springs Citizen one year free and a prize of $5, besides a high price for his cotton. This is getting to be a good cotton market. As much cotton bought here last year as in ten previous years, I reckon.

Mart. L. Marley, a lumberman, and a Mr. Atkinson joined the Baptist church on the 26th. They were converts of the Chautauqua.

Twenty went from here on the military excursion on the 23 d.

Dr. McMillan and others went on the Merchants' Excursion to Baltimore on the 23d. D. R. M.

Needs No Explanation.

MADISON, N. C., Aug. 4, '97.

Goose Grease Liniment Co, Greensboro, N. C:

Dear Sirs:—Please ship us at once one gross Goose Grease Liniment. We are entirely out. Don't fail to ship at once. Please give us jobbers' prices. It is the best thing we have ever seen.

Yours truly,
W. C. JONES & Co.

CASTORIA.

Fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. is on every wrapper.

Going to Klondike?

Better stay at home and get

GOLD DUST

from your grocer. Sold everywhere and

Cleans Everything

MADE ONLY BY

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY,

Chicago. St. Louis. New York. Boston. Philadelphia.

Police News.

D. S. West was tried before 'Squire Overby Saturday charged with threatening to kill G. W. Eason and procuring a knife for that purpose. The Court decided that the prosecution was malicious and adjudged the costs against the prosecution.

'Squire Overby Monday issued warrants for the arrest of Richard Bryant and Lillie McAllister of Rockfish Township for a most peculiar crime. The complaint says that during the services in Mt. Calvary (colored) Methodist Church in Rockfish yesterday morning just after the collection had been taken up, and during the sermon, Richard Bryant jumped up, and, crying that he "did not propose to have such preaching as that," swept the collection basket with its contents on the floor, picked up the table on which he had been sitting and was on the point of hurling it at the preacher, when he was restrained by several of the members. Lillie McAllister took his part, so the complaint says, and called the congregation all kinds of bad names, especially the women.

Who is the Rev. Geo. Lomax.

An Exchange, of a recent date, contained the following:

Rev. George Lomax, (colored) formerly of North Carolina, is very much wanted by two Baptist churches near Norfolk. This gentle shepherd is said to have fleeced his two flocks out of $729 and left for parts unknown. Lomax is supposed to be one of the family of that name who lived near Fayetteville some years since.

HURRAH FOR PENNSYLVANIA!

Harrity Turned Out.

One of the healthiest things done by the Democracy in a long time is the turning out of national committeeman W. F. Harrity (Cleveland's chairman of the national committee in 1892) from his place as such. This was done yesterday by the Pennsylvania Democratic State committee by the decisive vote of 53 to 26—over two to one.

Harrity was one of those disloyal "Democrats" who tried to keep his place in the Democratic organization by the formal act of voting for Bryan, while refusing to accept the Chicago platform. The Pennsylvanians have properly decided that no such person shall be allowed to remain in representative positions in the party.

Thus we find all the States coming into line. There is a pressing need for some discipline of this sort in North Carolina, where the tail is again vigorously wagging the dog.

False Rumor.

Two rumors created excitement Saturday afternoon, one that Purvis, the accused murderer, had confessed, and another, that he was dead. Both were without foundation. An OBSERVER reporter saw Purvis Monday and he denied confessing, and as to his death—well we do not think it was the ghost to whom the reporter gave a cigarette, which was soon being turned into clouds of smoke; though Purvis is very thin, many pounds thinner than when placed in jail, has a hollow cough and groans dreadfully.

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets CURE CONSTIPATION

REGULATE THE LIVER

10¢ 25¢ 50¢ ALL DRUGGISTS

ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the ideal laxative, never grip or gripe, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York.

WALTER WATSON'S HARDWARE HOUSE

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

ESTABLISHED 1866.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Lumber and Building Material

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

Thoroughly Dried Material Always On Hand.

DOORS, SASH, BLINDS, AND MOULDINGS.

Farming Implements

OF ALL KINDS.

Hoes, Shovels, Spades, Rakes, Ploughs, Forks, &c.

SIX FT. WIRE NETTING.

PRICES LOWER THAN EVER ON THIS MATERIAL

Steam Fixtures for Saw Mills.

Agent for the Frick Co. Engines and Machinery.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON PLANTS OF ANY CAPACITY.

Yours Respectfully,

WALTER WATSON.

Pemberton's Book and Music House,

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines,

Bicycle and Bicycle Sundries sold on *easy terms.*
School Books and School Supplies.
Singing Books, Bibles and Sunday-school Literature.
Pictures, Easels—Picture Frames made to order.

WALL PAPER.

Fancy Goods and Toys for the Children

Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.
Our Stock is large and very complete.
Prices Low.

THE BEST SEWING MACHINE.

From observation, experience and inquiry we are convinced the Wheeler & Wilson is the best Sewing Machine made. We have therefore accepted the agency for this Machine and can offer a good trade on easy terms to parties in need of a highgrade Machine. If called on at once we can make special arrangements as to terms. Don't miss an opportunity.

HUSKE HARDWARE HOUSE,
Fayetteville, N. C.

Saw-mill men will please note—we can use a few car loads of Lumber, Laths, Shingles, etc., and we are willing to make a fair exchange. If you desire a trade, let us know. Come and see us, or, if possible, we will visit you.

GOOD BELTING.

The New York Belting and Packing Company have made us agents for their Celebrated Rubber Belting. We will carry a stock of their goods. They have arranged so we can give you a high-grade belting at very little more cost than you have been paying for ordinary grades. Please remember this and try a belt from us at the first opportunity. We guarantee prices and quality.

HUSKE HARDWARE HOUSE,
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

THE OBSERVER.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., SEP. 2, 1897

INDEX TO NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Miss Morrow's School.
N. W. Ray—Land for Sale.
Leon Brandt—Cotton Buyer.
A Free Exhibition of Cooking.
Rev. B. Smedes—St. Mary's School.
F. M. Simmons—Notice of Seizures.
A. B. Williams—A Card to My Friends.

We desire a live agent and correspondent at every postoffice in Cumberland and adjoining counties.

Correspondence on all subjects of local and general interest and opinions upon matters public of concern, are invited. The editor will not be responsible for the views or statements of correspondents—and reserves the right at all times to revise or correct any article he may think requires it.

One side, only, of the paper must be written on—and the real name of the writer accompany the contribution. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters.

Maxton Fair will be held, as usual, on October 27th, 28th and 29th.

Good Sale of Cotton.

We learn that Mr. F. R. Rose has sold 100 bales of cotton at 8 cents per pound, on a basis of middling.

Cotton Platform Completed.

The new cotton platform was completed Friday and is now ready for business under the management of Mr. J. D. Brown.

The Juniors' Third Defeat.

The Fayetteville Juniors met their third defeat of the season Tuesday, the Fayetteville Second Team winning by a score of 11 to 6.

Protracted Meeting at Judson.

Rev. Mr. Edwards is holding a protracted meeting at Judson Baptist church in Cedar Creek. He is having much success we learn.

Bound Over to Court.

The tramp who drew a pistol on conductor Allen (not Hill) near Four Oaks the other day, has been tried and bound over to Johnson county court.

The Carthage Court.

Messrs. Isaac Murchison, H. McD. Robinson and N. A. Sinclair went to Carthage yesterday to argue the Manchester Mills case before Judge McIver.

The Red Springs High School.

The Red Springs High School, under the excellent management of Prof. D. R. McIver opened Monday. This school has the high endorsement of all former pupils and patrons.

After Gilmore.

Besides the $125 reward for Alex. Gilmore offered by this State and County, we understand that South Carolina offers a reward for his apprehension, he being an escaped convict from that State.

A Cripple for Life.

Ed. Jones, the boy who was mangled sometime ago while stealing a ride on an A. C. L. train, and who has been in a hospital in Norfolk since, was brought home Tuesday. He will be a cripple for life.

Big Gun Carriage.

An immense disappearing gun carriage passed through here Sunday on an A. C. L. freight train on its way, from the factory, to Fort Sumter. The carriage and paraphernalia, occupied five or six large cars. The big gun will probably shortly follow.

The Situation of the Electric Light Plant.

Though nothing definite has been decided about the location of the Electric Light Plant, yet it is more than probable that it will be situated between the C. F. & Y. V. and A. C. L. railroads at the junction in Redbone.

Death Over the River.

Mr. Alexander Horne, a well known farmer of Flea Hill, died Thursday at 1 o'clock of heart disease. He was taken sick in the early spring and has been gradually sinking since. Mr. Horne, who was 38 years old, leaves a widow and two children, a boy and a girl.

A Good Idea.

It is thought that there must be several pictures of the Independent and LaFayette Companies taken before the war, in possession of some of our citizens. It is suggested that these be placed on exhibition, as a tribute to the spirit of reminiscence which is pervading the people.

To Hold a Meeting Here.

The Hope Mills Chronicle of Thursday says:

Rev. F. H. Martin, who a few years ago held such successful meetings here, will hold a meeting in Fayetteville soon. Mr. Martin and his excellent wife are very pleasantly remembered by the people here, and we hope that he can come out and preach here while in this section.

Two Ex-Aspirants for Congress.

Mr. A. M. Clark, ex-Republican candidate for Congress from this District, has been appointed postmaster at Southern Pines, and ex-aspirant for the Republican nomination to Congress from this District, Sion Buchanan has received a similar appointment at Jonesboro.

Bennettsville Train Off the Track.

The 4:45 passenger train to Bennettsville had reached New Street, on its south-bound journey Monday afternoon, when the engine left the track, followed by the tender and express car. The mishap was caused by spreading rails. It was nearly 7 o'clock before the train was ready to proceed.

Robbers.

While a freight train on the C. F. & Y. V. Railway was standing at Sanford, some one entered the caboose car and stole engineer Jno. M. Clark's valise, containing a suit of clothes and conductor McCulloch's pistol. The conductor recovered his pistol, from a woman in Sanford, to whom the thief had sold it.

Death of a Child at Hope Mills.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Campbell, of Hope Mills, died late Tuesday evening of cholera infantum. The body was brought through here yesterday en route to the home of Mrs. Campbell in Pender county.

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidney and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe—10c.

The First Bale of Cotton—Brought 8½.

Mr. Alex. Thaggard, of Cedar Creek, has the honor of selling to this market the first bale of cotton of the season. Mr. A. H. Slocomb was the purchaser, and the price paid was 8½ cents; weight, 473 pounds; grade, middling. Three other bales shortly afterwards arrived at the platform.

Put Gates at the A. C. L. Crossing.

The gateless crossing of Hay Street by the A. C. Line has become a dangerous nuisance. We trust that the Board of Aldermen will take action in the matter at their next meeting. We are astonished that the railway officials have not long since gracefully recognized the situation and remedied it.

"They don't make much fuss about it." We are speaking of De Witt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills for constipation, biliousness, and all stomach and liver troubles. They never gripe.
KING BROS.

Judge McIver Reserves His Decision.

Messrs. H. McD. Robinson and N. A. Sinclair returned from Carthage Saturday, where they argued the jail sewer injuction and mandamus case yesterday before Judge McIver, the former appearing for the plaintiff, and the latter for the county commissioners. Judge McIver took the papers in the case and reserved his decision.

Death of Mrs. LeGrand.

Mr. W. F. Leak received the sad news Saturday of the death of his sister, Mrs. S. W. LeGrand, at her home in Bellville, Ga., at 10 o'clock. Mrs. LeGrand was Miss Willa Leak, the eldest daughter of the late W. C. Leak, Esq., of Rockingham, N. C. She leaves a husband and four children. Her death was not unexpected as she has been a sufferer for years.

It heals everything except a broken heart, may be said of De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve. Piles and rectal diseases, cuts, burns, bruises, tetter, eczema and all skin troubles may be cured by it quickly and permanently.
KING BROS.

The School Apportionment.

The Board of Education has decided to make the apportionment 9 cents to each child between school ages this year. There are, say, 550,000 such, and about $50,000 will thus be required. The State Superintendent says that in the larger counties this extra apportionment will prolong the school term three or four weeks, and less time in counties where the population is small.

Numbering the Houses.

We understand that the question will come up before the Board of Aldermen at its next meeting, of numbering the residences on the principal streets in the city and of placing the names of the different streets on sign boards on the corners. The latter is certainly a good idea, and Fayetteville is now no doubt large enough and progressive enough to have her houses numbered.

Prof. Jno. L. Douglas.

Davidson College is fortunate in securing the services of Prof. John L. Douglas, of South Carolina, to fill the chair of Mathematics recently made vacant by the death of Prof. Vinson. Dr. Vinson regarded Professor Douglas the most successful student he ever taught. After graduating at Davidson College Professor Douglas spent three years at Johns Hopkins University studying mathematics.

John Griffin, of Zanesville, O., says: "I never lived a day for thirty years without suffering agony, until a box of De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve cured my piles." For piles and rectal troubles, cuts, bruises, sprains, eczema and all skin troubles De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve is unequalled.
KING BROS.

Purvis May Not Live a Week.

Two leading physicians visited Purvis, the accused murderer of Flagman Blackwell, in his cell Friday evening. After a minute examination, they gave it as their opinion that his life was fast ebbing away and that he may not live ten days longer. The physicians say that he is fearfully injured internally, his chest being all smashed up.

They also visited Isham Wright, the wounded burglar, and express the opinion that he may recover, though he will be a mangled cripple all his life.

Police News.

William J. Thomas, the tramp thief, was tried Thursday before 'Squire McKay and bound over to the criminal court. He said his real name was William Henry King.

Devereux Tucker, the young colored man placed in jail Sunday on account of insanity, has not spoken a word since his incarceration, not even to his fellow prisoners.

There is a time for everything; and the time to attend to a cold is when it starts. Don't wait till you have consumption but prevent it by using One Minute Cough Cure, the great remedy for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles.
KING BROS.

Improvements.

A year ago, we invited all owners of new buildings in the city and suburbs, and of buildings that had been altered and improved, to send us notice and description thereof so that we might print a record of our recent large growth in that respect. Not a soul responded. We shall make another effort to get up a correct list of such improvements for publication at an early day, so that the world may see how much solid advancement there has been in the old town in the past period of depression.

$100 Reward for Gilmore.

The Governor has offered a reward of $100 for the apprehension of Alex. Gilmore, the outlaw, dead or alive. This with the $25 offered by the county makes $125 reward for the arrest of the desperado. The Raleigh correspondent of the Wilmington Messenger in speaking of the case says:

Gilmore is officially reported to have completely terrorized the people of two townships, particularly the women, and it is said that they are afraid to inform on or arrest him.

Burning, itching skin diseases instantly relieved by De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve, unequalled for cuts, bruises burns. It heals without leaving a scar.
KING BROS.

Police News.

Saturday morning Lum McRae (col.) was arrested by Constable Maultsby, with a pair of trousers which he had stolen from Jno. S. Maultsby's store. He was taken before 'Squire Overby and bound over to court.

It is said that a Greensboro officer is here looking for the Fayetteville negro who is supposed to have shot a member of the Greenboro colored base ball team Thursday night. The shooting is said to have grown out of a dispute over the game of ball that afternoon between the Fayetteville and Greensboro teams. The wounded man is in a precarious condition.

"I crave but One Minute," said the public speaker in a husky voice; and then he took a dose of One Minute Cough Cure, and proceeded with his oratory. One Minute Cough Cure is unequalled for throat and lung troubles.
KING BROS.

An Important Meeting.

All the citizens of Fayetteville are requested to meet at Hotel LaFayette at 8:30 o'clock this evening to take some steps in regard to the Fair.

We have received the following official notice:

CUMBERLAND COUNTY FAIR.

At a meeting held last night at Hotel LaFayette, the following resolution was passed:

Resolved, To invite all those interested in having a Fair this Fall to please meet the members of the Fair at Hotel LaFayette on Thursday night at 8 o'clock. All those desiring a Fair are earnestly requested to be present.
WALTER WATSON,
President.

Mrs. Morrow's School.

Mrs. Morrow will open her School September 22d. The "Synthetic method of Piano teaching" will be introduced for beginners, and Dr. William Mason's Touch and Technic and Mathews' Standard Grades for advanced pupils. This School also offers careful cultivation of the voice; Organ and Guitar lessons. Instruction corresponds to the course of the Metropolitan Conservatory of Music in New York City.

Gratifying.

Wednesday's Charlotte Observer brought the gratifying offer, for itself and its Statesville edition, of harmony with the majority element of the Democratic party on—as we understand it—the basis of the re affirmation of the Chicago platform; of the union of all good citizens under the Democratic banner for defence against the negro party now in power; of the recognition of the great bulk of the Populists as our temporarily estranged brethren, and of the proposition to invite the latter to unite with us in our efforts to restore the State to white rule. That was the OBSERVER's proposition in the Spring of '96. It is the only just basis of harmony for Democrats, and we as cordially welcome it now as we anxiously desired it then.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your own druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York. Sold by B. E. Sedberry & Sons.

Murder in Wilson and Assault on An A. C. L. Flagman.

Friday night at Wilson, Wilkes Jones, the leading colored Republican of Wilson county, stabbed his wife to death with a shoemaker's knife and tried to shoot Annie Battle, another colored woman. He made his escape, and at last accounts a posse was scouring the surrounding country for him. When 35, the south-bound A. C. L. train arrived in Wilson about midnight, one of the constables, a colored man, was searching under the cars for the murderer Jones, and being mistaken by flagman Quirk for a tramp, was ordered from the train. The constable drew a pistol on the flagman, and in a scuffle which followed the weapon was discharged, though without doing any harm. The constable was arrested.

Baby's Second Summer

is the time that tries all the care of the mother and all the skill of maternal management. Baby comfort comes from fat; fat babies have nothing to do but to sleep and grow.

If your baby does not seem to prosper, if he does not gain in weight, you must get more fat there. A few drops of

Scott's Emulsion

each day will put on plumpness; fat outside, life inside, baby and mother both happy.

Your baby can take and relish Scott's Emulsion as much in summer as in any other season.

For sale by all druggists at 50c. and $1.00.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

New Postmasters.

The President Saturday appointed the following Postmasters: Jonesboro, S. H. Buchanan; Red Springs, J. G. Brown; Cameron, F. A. McFadyen, LaGrange, Albert Miller; Melrose, S. A. White; Southern Pines, A. M. Clark; Wake Forest, M. A. Timberlake; Folsom, W. J. McKay; Robersonville, A. L. Winn.

A Toy Balloon Creates Excitement.

A large balloon brilliantly illuminated was seen floating over the city Thesday evening, and, after hovering around for about fifteen minutes, disappeared in the clouds. Hundreds of people rushed from their houses to view what they supposed to be an aerial visitor from abroad, but in fact it was a toy balloon sent up from Mrs. Carson's on Gillespie street by Mr. Woodmansie. It was constructed by Mr. Woodmansie of tissue paper, was 9 feet high and 25 feet in circumference, and was propelled by a coal oil torch in an asbestos casing.

Mr. Woodmansie will shortly send up a larger one with parachute attachment.

Cuthbert & Co. Fail.

E. B. Cuthbert & Co., brokers of New York city, have made an assignment and consequently we are unable to publish today's market.

Shortly before 3 o'clock, Tuesday, Mr. Wightman, manager of the Fayetteville office, received notice that the firm had made an assignment to E. H. Ball, and giving as the cause for the unexpected happening, too much leniency in extension of credit to customers.

Mr. Wightman received a telegram from the assignee, stating that a report to customers will be made in a day or two.

It is said that the business of the firm will be carried on by the assignee for the present, and that the firm will be able to resume operations shortly. Meantime the office is closed to business.

Only a few Fayetteville people are affected by this failure and that very slightly we understand.

The great advance in sugar Tuesday, causing a call on the firm for $180,000 in margins, is said to be directly responsible for the failure.

Dispensary Board Meeting.

A meeting of the Dispensary Board was held in the office of Judge Buxton, the chairman, at 11 o'clock Wednesday, all the members being present. Mr. David T. Oates, the attorney, appeared before the Board on behalf of a number of citizens who complained of violations of the Dispensary law, and urged the Board to take action in the matter of these violations, which, he says, are numerous and multiplying daily. On motion the Board decided to address a communication to the Mayor and Aldermen of the town calling attention to the existence of these complaints and asking for a more vigorous enforcement of the law. It is a provision of the law that if, in the judgment of the Dispensary Board, the town authorities do not make proper effort to enforce the law, their share of the profits of the Dispensary shall be withheld and paid into the school fund of the county.

A similar letter was ordered addressed to the County Commissioners at their meeting next Monday, asking the co operation of the county authorities in securing a stricter enforcement of the law.

The report of the Manager of the Dispensary will be published tomorrow.

Holt's Mill Starts—Brightening Prospects.

Tuesday the big Holt-Morgan cotton mill started work. We shall later give a more particular description of this mammoth industrial structure, as it stands today completed and in perfect working. For the moment, it will suffice to recall, what we have so often pointed out before, that not only will this great mill give employment to several hundreds of people, who will thus become cash customers for our business men, but its big maw will require several thousands of bales of cotton to satisfy it—and this will make an important addition to the already large local consumption of the raw material and consequently enhance the value of our market to producers.

As we said at the time, the mere fact that such expert mill owners as the gentlemen named had picked out Fayetteville as the site of their newest and most perfect mill, was a tremendous advertisement of Fayetteville, and we believe, now that work has actually begun, that we shall soon be reaping the benefit of it in a flow of new comers.

With the re establishment of our cotton market, our prospects are certainly brightening. So here's a health to the new mill and fortune to its owners, and God speed to the brightening prospects.

When your stomach begins to trouble you, it needs help. The help it needs, is to digest your food, and, until it gets it, you won't have any peace. Stomach trouble is very distressing, very obstinate, very dangerous. Many of the most dangerous diseases begin with simple indigestion. The reason is that indigestion (not-digestion, not-nourishment) weakens the system and allows disease germs to attack it. The antidote is Shaker Digestive Cordial, strengthening, nourishing, curative. It cures indigestion and renews strength and health. It does this by strengthening the stomach, by helping it to digest your food. It nourishes you.

Shaker Digestive Cordial is made of pure herbs, plants and wine, is perfectly harmless and will certainly cure all genuine stomach trouble. Sold by druggists, price 10 cents to 1.00 per bottle.

F. I. I. I. Election of Officers.

At the adjourned meeting Monday, from August 23d, the F. I. L. I elected officers for the ensuing year, the 104th annual election.

The resignation of Maj. E. L. Pemberton, who has served as commandant but one year only, was reluctantly accepted. He declined absolutely re-election, and Capt. B. R. Huske was unanimously elected in his stead.

The following is a list of the new officers:

Major, B. R. Huske.
1st Captain, T. T. McGilvary.
2d " Leighton Huske.
3d " J. G. Hollingsworth.
4th " J. H. Robinson, Jr.
1st Sergeant, J. H. Culbreth.
2d " J. B. Tillinghast.
3d " Hector McGeachy.
4th " W. A. McMillan.
5th " M. Haigh.
1st Corporal J. A. Worth.
2d " C. B. Ledbetter.
3d " Eugene Watson.
4th " A. M. Campbell.
Secretary, B. Hawkins.
Financial Secretary, W. B. Ledbetter.
Finance Committee, Majors B. R. Huske, E. L. Pemberton, Sergeant J. H. Culbreth.
Chaplain, Rev. I. W. Hughes.
Surgeon, Dr. W. C. McDuffie.

Upon motion Maj. E. L. Pemberton was made an honorary member.

Mr. Rose's Flora McDonald Article

The article by our gifted young townsman, Mr. Duncan Rose, in the American Historical Register, entitled: "Flora McDonald and the Scottish Highlanders in America," has been the subject of much favorable comment by the press of this country.

The following is from the North Carolina Presbyterian:

Duncan Rose, than whom there are few pleasanter writers or more careful delineators of striking or important incidents, or writers more exact in statements of historical facts, gives the public through the American Historical Register an article entitled "Flora McDonald and the Scottish Highlanders in America." In the article which is illustrated, we have views of Cross Creek, interesting of itself, but specially famous as the locality of the first residence of Flora McDonald in this country—of old Barbeque church, where Flora and Allan her husband worshiped—and other views, which with appropriate notes accompany and verify what we have said.

We read the article with special pleasure, because it told what every Scotsman and his sons and his grandsons ought to know and never to forget of one who was—we will never believe otherwise—one of the grandest heroines that history records; notwithstanding the life she saved was hardly worth the saving. Mr. Rose may think what she did was "not very remarkable, nor very unselfish, nor extremely dangerous," but not so have we learned it and we can truly say—if it is an illusion we are under, we do not want it dispelled. Not very unselfish! we cannot think it!

But despite disagreement with our author here, we find ourselves in full sympathy in the vindication of the record of the Highlanders in the Revolutionary war—a vindication which necessarily ennobles them, as a people who having sworn to their own hurt would not change, who having vowed allegiance to their persecutors yet would not forswear themselves and would even risk life itself that they might be true to their words, counting this their greatest title to honor that they never proved false to any engagement.

We trust Mr. Rose will give us more sketches for he wields "the pen of a ready writer."

Many thoughtful housekeepers save 20 cents on every dollar expended for Baking Powder.

No other pure cream of tartar powder of equal leavening power is sold so low.

Try one can of Carolina Powder, and if not satisfactory the dealer will return your money.

Manufactured by H. R. Horne, Fayetteville, N. C.

RESTORED TO HEALTH.

If you are suffering with any skin or blood disease, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Ulcers, Old Sores, General Debility, etc., send stamp to the Blood Balm Co., Atlanta Ga., for book of wonderful cures, free. This book will point the way to speedy recovery.

Botanic Blood Balm, (B. B. B.) is manufactured after a long tested prescription of an eminent physician, and is the best building-up and blood purifying medicine in the world. Beware of substitutes. Price $1.00 for large bottle.

For sale by Druggists.

ONE IN A THOUSAND.

One summer, several years ago, while railroading in Mississippi I became badly affected with malarial blood poison, that impaired my health for more than two years. Several offensive ulcers appeared on my legs, and nothing seemed to give permanent relief until I took of Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.), which cured me entirely. M. D. LANE, Deveraux, Ga.

HOW TO FIND OUT.

Fill a bottle or common glass with urine and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys. When urine stains linen it is evidence of kidney trouble. Too frequent desire to urinate or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

WHAT TO DO.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfils every wish in relieving pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passages. It corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to get up many times during the night to urinate. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists, price fifty cents and one dollar. You may have a sample bottle and pamphlet both sent free by mail. Mention the OBSERVER and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

CASTORIA.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

K. of P.

Interest Coupons will be paid at Bank of Fayetteville on and after September 1st.

W. S. COOK,
Chairman Trustees.

The Dale School House.

Correspondence of the Observer.]

This is a school house in Carver's Creek Township where a Sunday School has been organized and superintended by J. T. McCorquodale who has done much good work in aiding Sunday Schools, since he settled in this neighborhood, a few years ago. A big Sunday School meeting was held at this school house last Sunday; previous notice had been given that Mr. James Evans of Fayetteville, would deliver a lecture on this occasion. At the appointed hour the people assembled and it looked as if the whole neighborhood had met together. Not more than half of them could be seated in the house, but the seats were quickly moved into a grove near by, when everthing was arranged and the crowd seated, the choir led by Geo. A. McKay and Chas. D. Gilmore, assisted by several ladies, treated us with some excellent vocal music, suited to the occasion, after which Geo. A. McKay offered a fervent and appropriate prayer. Mr. Evans then took the stand, and for about one hour and a half secured the attention of his audience. I will not attempt to give a synopsis of his lecture, I feel incompetent to do it justice, I will, however, state a few facts from it, that every parent ought to know, viz: The boy that is allowed to disregard the Sabbath, and is not sent to Sunday school or church, is very likely at some future day to become a tenant of the jail or penitentiary; on the other hand, a boy that observes the Sabbath, attends Sunday school and church very rarely becomes a tenant of the jail or penitentiary. "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

His general remarks were interesting and abounded in good advice and instruction, taken mostly from the Bible. There were many children present, and he endeavored to impress upon their minds the importance of preparing for their future duties and responsibilities.

He carried with him a number of beautiful pictures, representing Bible Scenes, among them I noticed a picture of "the child Jesus," "The good Samaritan," "Jesus preaching in Nazareth," "Daniel cast into the lion's den," "Elijah fed by the ravens," "The golden calf," "Naomi and her daughter," and others.

The lecture was then closed and after singing and prayer the congregation was dismissed and all went home well pleased with the lecture they had heard. M.

Don't Be Too Merry.

Washington Post.

A prominent Republican organ remarks, with every appearance of deep satisfaction, that "silver will soon be only nominally one of the precious metals." Other republican papers gleefully perdict that the tables of the poor will soon shine with complete equipments of silverware. One Republican journal foresees the time when silver will be as cheap as pig iron. Every successive decline in the price of silver is hailed with joy, as if it were a blessing to the people of the United States. During the last few weeks nearly all the newspapers that oppose the free, unlimited, and independent coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 have kept up a grand chorus of jubilation over the falling price of that metal.

The Post, like those jolly shouters, is opposed to the coinage plank of the Chicago platform; but, unlike them, it sees no cause for rejoicing, no occasion for jokes, no hint of any possible good to the people or the government of the United States in the decline of silver. We have no special interest in or concern for the owners of silver mines or gold mines. If the losses of the producers of silver were beneficial to the general public we should not be surprised at the joy of our contemporaries. The greatest good of the greatest number is the end to be aimed at, and he whose success in business is an injury to the masses does not deserve to succeed.

But this government and this people have a tremendous stake in silver entirely separate and distinct from the interests of the mine owners.

If it were decided—which it certainly is not—that no more silver will be bought for coinage in this country; if the people had voted—which they have not—in favor of the unconditional acceptance and maintenance of gold monometallism—even under these conditions we should find no satisfaction in the falling price of silver. We have about $500,000,000 in silver that we are carrying and are bound to carry at a parity with gold. Ought we to be glad of a process that cheapens the coins of the country? Ought any organ of sound money to shout in glee when value goes out of and fiat goes into our currency? Every penny that falls from the price of silver means a reduction of millions in the commercial value of our coins. Is there anything funny in that?

Suppose, for the sake of argument, that the decline should go on to the full extent predicted by the mistaken friends of sound money; suppose the silver in our coins and the silver bullion in our vaults should cease to have any other than intrinsic value—should sell for what it might be worth to use in the arts as iron, lead, and zinc are sold; would not that condition be dangerous to the stability of our currency? Could we carry a few thousand dollars' worth of any metal at a face value of $500,000,000? And, if we could, would not that simple fact disprove all established theories as to sound currency? If fiat could make a dollar out of a cent's worth of metal, the Populists would be then completely vindicated.

We think the opponents of free coinage are making a serious mistake in trying to depreciate silver. The stake of this country in that metal is too great to warrant any levity over its decline in price.

RED SPRINGS HIGH SCHOOL.

First Class Instruction.

NUMEROUS ADVANTAGES.

LOW RATES.

Finest Climate in the World.

D. R. McIVER, Principal.

Coffee and Flour.

Middleton's Perfect Blend, Lion, and Newlin's No. 7 Coffees.

Obelisk and Rob Roy Flour—finest grade.

C. W. ELLIOTT & CO.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

A FREE EXHIBITION OF COOKING.

—— WILL BE GIVEN AT ——

No. 15 Hay Street, (Rosenthal's Old Store),

Every day,

During the hours of 9 A. M. and 3 P. M.

—— COME AND SEE WHAT CAN BE DONE ON A ——

VAPOR STOVE.

If you do your own housework, or have an interest in your servants, and want to reduce your expenses, attend this exhibition.

Cost of Fuel, 3 Cents a Day.

You will be entertained, instructed, and surprised.

Everybody invited, especially the Ladies.

FAYETTEVILLE MARKETS.

COTTON.	
Middling, old,	7¼
Good Middling,	7½
Tinges and Stains,	6½
Market—firm.	
NAVAL STORES.	
Spirits,	25c
Common Rosin,	90
Virgin,	1 80
Yellow Dip,	1 60
PRODUCE	
Extra Flour—sack,	$200@ 230
Family Flour—sack,	275
Hides—dry—per lb.	5@8
" —green—per lb.	@3½
Wool—washed	6@20
Bacon—hog round per lb—	7½
" —ham	10½@12
" —sides	7½@8
" —shoulders	6½@6
Oats—32 lbs per bushel	35@40
Peas—clay	55a60
" —mixed	65
Meal—bolted—44 lbs per bushel	45@55
" —unbolted—48 lbs per bushel	50@50
Corn—old—56 lbs per bushel	50
Onions—select—per bushel	60@60
Lard—N. C.	7½
Tallow	2½@4
Ducks	15@18
Hens—per head	25
Spring chickens	10 a 18
Roosters—per head	15 a 20
Turkeys—per lb	8½ a 6
Guineas	15
Geese	25 a 30
Butter—choice yellow	12 a 15
Honey—strained—per lb	9 a 10
" —comb—per lb	8 a 10
Eggs—hen—	13
Feathers—new	35 a 40

The rapid increasing demand proves that Goose Grease Liniment is the greatest known remedy for all Aches and Pains, Rheumatism, Croup, Colds, Coughs, etc. It is for man or beast.

Land for Sale.

By virtue of an order of the Superior Court appointing me as Commissioner for that purpose, I will on Monday, October 4, 1897, at 12 o'clock at the Court House door in Fayetteville, sell by public auction for cash, two tracts of land in Flea Hill Township in Cumberland county, N. C., on the East-side of the River Road, about 3 miles above the Clarendon Bridge, one tract containing 32 acres and the other tract about 14 acres, being known as the Maulsey Autry Land.

N. W. RAY,
Commissioner.

September 1, 1897.

LEON BRANDT,

COTTON BUYER.

Hay Street,

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

A Card to My Friends.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., September 1, 1897.

To the Cotton Producers of Cumberland and Surrounding Counties:

I am glad to inform my Cotton Friends that I have secured cotton connections with one of the largest Cotton Exporting firms in this section of the Cotton Belt, and will be in a position to handle the staple largely. My arrangements will enable me to pay at all times the highest market quotations. I will continue to buy at my old place of business, Hay Street, Fayetteville, N. C.

Mr. Chas. H. McLauchlin is still with me, and with the assistance of Mr. Andrew Broadfoot, whose services I have secured for this season, I feel confident of giving satisfaction to my Cotton Friends.

Yours very truly,
A. B. WILLIAMS.

St. Mary's School,

RALEIGH, N. C.

THE FIFTY-SIXTH ANNUAL SESSION WILL BEGIN

September 23rd, 1897.

☞ For Catalogue and other information, address

Rev. B. Smedes, A. M., Rector.

NOTICE OF SEIZURES.

The following articles of personal property were seized in this the 4th District North Carolina, February 18th, near Lineberry Station, Randolph county, N. C:

3 packages—about 30 gallons Corn Whisky.

August 2, at Wilmington, 3 kegs Corn Whisky—about 13 gallons.

August 24, at Speno, N. C., 4 casks Corn Whisky—about 200 gallons. 1 Copper Still, Cap and Worm, 3 Empty Barrels, 9 Hogsheads.

Any person claiming any interest in the above property should appear before me at my office in Raleigh within 30 days from date of this libel notice and show cause why said property shall not be forfeited to the United States.

Given under my hand and official seal this 1st day September, 1897.

F. M. SIMMONS,
Collector 4th District N. C.

For many years science has studied liquors. Result the whole world uses whiskey. It has proven the best stimulant and does not injure nerves and tissues like coca wines and other drugged compounds And HARPER Whiskey is the ideal whiskey.

SOLD IN
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

THE ÆTNA

Is the Strongest American Fire Insurance Co.

Has been doing business continuously since 1819.

Her Reputation is the best to-day.

Over Ten Million Dollars Assets.

Take out a policy on your property

B. R. HUSKE, Agent

—— THE ——

Bank of Fayetteville,

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.,

Does a General Banking Business,

RECEIVES DEPOSITS SUBJECT TO CHECK,

Collects Notes and Drafts

Payable here and at all Banking Points in North Carolina,

AT REASONABLE CHARGES,

and remits promptly for all collections.

Capital Stock, - - - - - $250,000.00.

☞ No deposits received on interest.

H. W. LILLY, President,
A. A. McKETHAN, Vice Prest.,
J. C. HAIGH, JR., Cashier.
Fayetteville, N. C.

—THE—

Enterprise Land and Improvement Co.

Notice is hereby given that the Books of the Enterprise Land and Improvement Company for subscription to the Capitol Stock of the said Company will open at the Office of J. C. & S. H. MacRae in Fayetteville, and Alex. Sessoms at Glenecho, on and after August 5, 1897.

A. SESSOMS,
Secretary.

FURNITURE

At Cut Prices for the Next Ninety Days.

Now is your time to buy. We are receiving our immense stock of latest style Furniture. Our house is jamb full and must be sold.

We are leaders in low prices. We buy direct from the Furniture Factories at first cost. We positively will not buy from jobbers; they carry old style goods and we save the profits made by them and you get the benefit of prices and new goods. Come and see us, and save the middle man's profit.

T. B. NEWBERRY,
(Successor to W. H. Newberry & Son,)
Thornton Block, Fayetteville, N. C.

Fayetteville Military Academy.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

A Select Home School for BOYS. Well equipped in every department. Healthful location. Not a case of sickness in two years. Terms moderate. Next session opens September 1, 1897.

Write for Catalogue.

COL. T. J. DREWRY,
Principal.

RAEFORD INSTITUTE,

A HIGH SCHOOL

— FOR —

BOYS AND GIRLS.

This Institute offers thorough instruction in English, History, Literature, Mathematics, Elementary Science, Ancient and Modern Languages, Book-keeping, Music, Art, and Physical Culture.

TERM BEGINS SEPT'R 1, 1897.

Location Healthful, New Buildings, Well Equipped, Full Corps Teachers, Two Courses, Standard High, Cottages Furnished Free of Rent, Rates Reasonable.

For Catalogue and information apply to

W. P. M. CURRIE, A. B., Principal,
Raeford, N. C.

Marble and Granite Monuments - and - Headstones!

The public is cordially invited to visit my yard, where they will always find a choice collection of

Monuments

—AND—

Headstones

to select from. My workmanship stands

SECOND TO NONE

in the South, and my prices are as low as can be obtained for strictly first-class work. A large lot of DESIGNS to select from.

Very respectfully,

E. L. REMSBURG,
Proprietor Fayetteville Marble and Granite Works.

Tutt's Pills Cure All Liver Ills.

Perfect Health.

Keep the system in perfect order by the occasional use of Tutt's Liver Pills. They regulate the bowels and produce

A Vigorous Body.

For sick headache, malaria, biliousness, constipation and kindred diseases, an absolute cure

TUTT'S Liver PILLS

A Cumberland Man Murdered in Georgia.

Mr. Hector Strickland, a well-to-do farmer of Cedar Creek, received a telegram Monday, announcing that his son, Ed. Strickland, had been murdered by a negro at his place near Fitzgerald, Ga., Saturday.

We find the following account of the murder in the Atlanta Constitution of Monday, dated from Fitzgerald August 22d:

Edward Strickland, a prominent and well-known turpentine man whose still is about three miles northwest of Fitzgerald, was literally cut to pieces yesterday by Charley Nichols, a negro who was in his employ. It seems that in settling up for work done a dispute arose over the wages, which enraged the negro to such a pitch that he pulled a seven-inch knife from his sleeve and struck at Strickland. The blade penetrated Strickland's stomach, and he died to-day.

The negro escaped and a posse of one hundred men, armed with shotguns, are hot upon his trail. He was tracked to this city last night by bloodhounds, but the scent was lost in the negro district. He was located three times last night at different negro cabins, but had shortly left. If caught the negro will probably be lynched.

Edward Strickland was a man about forty years of age and had dealt in naval stores for the past ten years.

The Laundry Charges Hands

Messrs. Carl and John Ledbetter have purchased the Steam Laundry from Dr. Patterson.

"At Home."

Mrs. T. D. Haigh and Mrs. E D. Kyle were "At Home" to their friends Wednesday afternoon from 5 to 7 o'clock' and a more delightful two hours, spent with two more charming hostesses, could not be imagined.

NO CURE—NO PAY.

That is the way all druggists sell GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC for Chills and Malaria. It is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. Children love it. Adults prefer it to bitter nauseating tonics. Price, 50c.

Guaranteed and for sale by B. E Sedberry & Sons.

Cramps, Colic, Colds, Croup, Coughs, Toothache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, and all Bowel Complaints.

A Sure, Safe, Quick Cure for these troubles is

Pain-Killer.

It is the trusted friend of the Mechanic, Farmer, Planter, Sailor, and in fact all classes. Used internally or externally.

Beware of imitations. Take none but the genuine "PERRY DAVIS." Sold everywhere.

25c. and 50c. bottles.

Hammock Factory for Fayetteville.

Mr. A. P. Rhyne of Mt. Holly, a well to do manufacturer, was in the city Wednesday for the purpose of meeting the directors of the Phœnix Cotton Mills Company. He made an offer to the directors, that upon certain conditions he would move the machinery from his Philadelphia hammock factory into the Phœnix building and make the concern a joint stock company, the directors to furnish the working capital. The matter is now under consideration.

Crescent

Our 1897 wheels are stronger handsomer easier running than ever before—the prices are right

WESTERN WHEEL WORKS
CHICAGO—NEW YORK

Catalogue free Agents everywhere

Bicycles.

The Fair.

The Directors of the Cumberland County Agricultural Society will have a meeting soon to consider the feasibility of having a Fair this Fall.

By all means let us have a Fair, and we trust that our people will give the directors every encouragement. There is nothing that helps a town or county more than a good Fair, and there is certainly nothing more enjoyable.

JOB'S ACHING TOOTH.

HE ALSO HAD BOILS, BANKRUPTCY AND A FOOL OF A WIFE.

But He Finally Escaped, Body and Soul, From His Troubles, and Rev. Dr. Talmage Shows That Thousands of Others May Be Similarly Saved.

NEW YORK, Aug. 22.—In this discourse of Dr. Talmage is mighty encouragement for many who consider their own case hopeless. His text is Job xix, 20, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

Job had it hard. What with boils and bereavements and bankruptcy and a fool of a wife he wished he was dead, and I do not blame him. His flesh was gone, and his bones were dry. His teeth wasted away until nothing but the enamel seemed left. He cries out, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

There has been some difference of opinion about this passage. St. Jerome and Schultens and Drs. Good and Poole and Barnes have all tried their forceps on Job's teeth. You deny my interpretation and say, "What did Job know about the enamel of the teeth?" He knew everything about it. Dental surgery is almost as old as the earth. The mummies of Egypt thousands of years old are found today with gold filling in their teeth. Ovid and Horace and Solomon and Moses wrote about these important factors of the body. To other provoking complaints Job I think, has added an exasperating toothache, and, putting his hand against the inflamed face, he says, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

A very narrow escape, you say, for Job's body and soul, but there are thousands of men who make just as narrow escape for their soul. There was a time when the partition between them and ruin was no thicker than a tooth's enamel, but as Job finally escaped so have they. Thank God! Thank God!

Saved as by Fire.

Paul expresses the same idea by a different figure when he says that some people are "saved as by fire." A vessel at sea is in flames. You go to the stern of the vessel. The boats have shoved off. The flames advance. You can endure the heat no longer on your face. You slide down on the side of the vessel and hold on with your fingers, until the forked tongue of the fire begins to lick the back of your hand, and you feel that you must fall, when one of the lifeboats comes back, and the passengers say they think they have room for one more. The boat swings under you. You drop into it—you are saved. So some men are pursued by temptation until they are partially consumed, but after all get off—"saved as by fire."

But I like the figure of Job a little better than that of Paul, because the pulpit has not worn it out, and I want to show you, if God will help, that some men make narrow escape for their souls and are saved as "with the skin of their teeth."

It is as easy for some people to look to the cross as for you to look to this pulpit. Mild, gentle, tractable, loving, you expect them to become Christians. You go over to the store and say, "Grandon joined the church yesterday." Your business comrades say: "That is just what might have been expected. He always was of that turn of mind." In youth this person whom I describe was always good. He never broke things. He never laughed when it was improper to laugh. At 7 he could sit an hour in church, perfectly quiet, looking neither to the right hand nor the left, but straight into the eyes of the minister, as though he understood the whole discussion about the eternal decrees. He never upset things nor lost them. He floated into the kingdom of God so gradually that it is uncertain just when the matter was decided.

Difficulties In the Way.

Here is another one, who started in life with an uncontrollable spirit. He kept the nursery in an uproar. His mother found him walking on the edge of the house roof to see if he could balance himself. There was no horse that he dared not ride, no tree he could not climb. His boyhood was a long series of predicaments, his manhood was reckless, his midlife very wayward. But now he is converted, and you go over to the store and say, "Arkwright joined the church yesterday." Your friends say: "It is not possible. You must be joking." You say: "No; I tell you the truth. He joined the church." Then they reply, "There is hope for any of us if old Arkwright has become a Christian." In other words, we will admit that it is more difficult for some men to accept the gospel than for others.

I may be preaching to some who have cut loose from churches and Bibles and Sundays, and who have no intention of becoming Christians themselves, and yet you may find yourself escaping before you leave this house as "with the skin of your teeth." I do not expect to waste this hour. I have seen boats go off from Cape May or Long Branch and drop their nets and after awhile come ashore, pulling in the nets without having caught a single fish. It was not a good day, or they had not the right kind of a net. But we expect no such excursion to day. The water is full of fish, the wind is in the right direction, the gospel net is strong. O thou who didst help Simon and Andrew to fish, show us how to cast the net on the right side of the ship!

Some of you in coming to God will have to run against skeptical notions. It is useless for people to say sharp and cutting things to those who reject the Christian religion. I cannot say such things. By what process of temptation or trial or betrayal you have come to your present state I know not. There are two gates to your nature—the gate of the head and the gate of the heart. The gate of your head is locked with bolts and bars that an archangel could not break, but the gate of your heart swings easily on its hinges. If I assaulted your body with weapons, you would meet me with weapons, and it would be sword stroke for sword stroke and wound for wound and blood for blood, but if I come and knock at the door of your house you open it and give me the best seat in your parlor. If I should come at you now with an argument, you would answer me with an argument; if with sarcasm, you would answer me with sarcasm—blow for blow, stroke for stroke—but when I come and knock at the door of your heart you open it and say, "Come in, my brother, and tell me all you know about Christ and heaven."

Questions Asked.

Listen to two or three questions. Are you as happy as you used to be when you believed in the truth of the Christian religion? Would you like to have your children travel on in the road in which you are now traveling? You had a relative who professed to be a Christian and was thoroughly consistent, living and dying in the faith of the gospel. Would you not like to live the same quiet life and die the same peaceful death? I hold in my hand a letter, sent me by one who has rejected the Christian religion. It says: "I am old enough to know that the joys and pleasures of life are evanescent and to realize the fact that it must be comfortable in old age to believe in something relative to the future and to have a faith in some system that proposes to save. I am free to confess that I would be happier if I could exercise the simple and beautiful faith that is possessed by many whom I know. I am not willingly out of the church or out of the faith. My state of uncertainty is one of unrest. Sometimes I doubt my immortality and look upon the deathbed as the closing scene, after which there is nothing. What shall I do that I have not done?" Ah, skepticism is a dark and doleful land! Let me say that this Bible is either true or false. If it be false, we are as well off as you; if it be true, then which of us is safer?

Let me also ask whether your trouble has not been that you confounded Christianity with the inconsistent character of some who profess it? You are a lawyer. In your profession there are mean and dishonest men. Is that anything against the law? You are a doctor. There are unskilled and contemptible men in your profession. Is that anything against medicine? You are a merchant. There are thieves and defrauders in your business. Is that anything against merchandise? Behold, then, the unfairness of charging upon Christianity the wickedness of its disciples. We admit some of the charges against those who profess religion. Some of the most gigantic swindles of the present day have been carried on by members of the church.

There are men standing in the front rank in the churches who would not be trusted for $5 without good collateral security. They leave their business dishonesties in the vestibule of the church as they go in and sit at the communion. Having concluded the sacrament, they get up, wipe the wine from their lips, go out and take up their sins where they left off. To serve the devil is their regular work, to serve God a sort of play spell. With a Sunday sponge they expect to wipe off from their business slate all the past week's inconsistencies. You have no more right to take such a man's life as a specimen of religion than you have to take the twisted irons and split timbers that lie on the beach at Coney Island as a specimen of an American ship. It is time that we draw a line between religion and the frailties of those who profess it.

Do you not feel that the Bible, take it all in all, is about the best book that the world has ever seen? Do you know any book that has as much in it? Do you not think, upon the whole, that its influence has been beneficent? I come to you with both hands extended toward you. In one hand I have the Bible and in the other hand I have nothing. This Bible in one hand I will surrender forever just as soon as in my other hand you can put a book that is better.

I invite you back into the good old fashioned religion of your fathers, to the God whom they worshiped, to the Bible they read, to the promises on which they leaned, to the cross on which they hung their eternal expectations. You have not been happy a day since you swung off. You will not be happy a minute until you swing back.

Great Hindrances.

Again, there may be some who in the attempt after a Christian life will have to run against powerful passions and appetites. Perhaps it is a disposition to anger that you have to contend against, and perhaps, while in a very serious mood, you hear of something that makes you feel that you must swear or die. I know a Christian man who was once so exasperated that he said to a mean customer, "I cannot swear at you myself, for I am a member of the church, but if you will go down stairs my partner in business will swear at you." All your good resolutions heretofore have been torn to tatters by explosion of temper.

Now, there is no harm in getting mad if you only get mad at sin. You need to bridle and saddle those hot breathed passions and with them ride down injustice and wrong. There are a thousand things in the world we ought to be mad at. There is no harm in getting redhot if you only bring to the forge that which needs hammering. A man who has no power of righteous indignation is an imbecile. But be sure it is a righteous indignation and not a petulancy that blurs and unravels and depletes the soul.

There is a large class of persons in midlife who have still in them appetites that were aroused in early manhood, at a time when they prided themselves on being a "little fast," "high livers," "free and easy," "hail fellows well met." They are now paying in compound interest for troubles they collected 20 years ago. Some of you are trying to escape, and you will, yet very narrowly, "as with the skin of your teeth." God and your own soul only know what the struggle is. Omnipotent grace has pulled out many a soul that was deeper in the mire than you are. They line the beach of heaven—the multitude whom God has rescued from the thrall of suicidal habits. If you this day turn back on the wrong and start anew, God will help you. Oh, the weakness of human help! Men will sympathize for awhile and then turn you off. If you ask for their pardon, they will give it and say they will try you again; but, falling away again under the power of temptation, they cast you off forever. But God forgives seventy times seven; yea, seven hundred times; yea, though this be the ten thousandth time, he is more earnest, more sympathetic, more helpful this last time than when you took your first misstep.

If with all the influences favorable for a right life men make so many mistakes, how much harder is it when, for instance, some appetite thrusts its iron grapple into the roots of the tongue and pulls a man down with hands of destruction? If, under such circumstances, he break away, there will be no sport in the undertaking, no holiday enjoyment, but a struggle in which the wrestlers move from side to side and bend and twist and watch for an opportunity to get in a heavier stroke, until with one final effort, in which the muscles are distended and the veins stand out and the blood starts, the swarthy habit falls under the knee of the victor—escaped at last as "with the skin of his teeth."

Near a Watery Grave.

The ship Emma, bound from Gottenburg to Harwich, was sailing on when the man on the lookout saw something that he pronounced a vessel bottom up. There was something on it that looked like a sea gull, but was afterward found to be a waving handkerchief. In the small boat the crew pushed out to the wreck and found that it was a capsized vessel, and that three men had been digging their way out through the bottom of the ship. When the vessel capsized, they had no means of escape. The captain took his penknife and dug away through the planks until his knife broke. Then an old nail was found, with which they attempted to scrape their way up out of the darkness, each one working until his hand was well nigh paralyzed, and he sank back faint and sick. After long and tedious work the light broke through the bottom of the ship. A handkerchief was hoisted. Help came. They were taken on board the vessel and saved. Did ever men come so near a watery grave without dropping into it? How narrowly they escaped—escaped only "with the skin of their teeth." There are men who have been capsized of evil passions and capsized midocean, and they are a thousand miles away from any shore of help. They have for years been trying to dig their way out. They have been digging away and digging away, but they can never be delivered unless now they will hoist some signal of distress. However weak and feeble it may be, Christ will see it and bear down upon the helpless craft and take them on board, and it will be known on earth and in heaven how narrowly they escaped—"escaped as with the skin of their teeth."

There are others who in attempting to come to God must run between a great many business perplexities. If a man go over to business at 10 o'clock in the morning and come away at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, he has some time for religion, but how shall you find time for religious contemplation when you are driven from sunrise to sunset and have been for five years going behind in business and are frequently dunned by creditors whom you cannot pay, and when from Monday morning until Saturday night you are dodging bills that you cannot meet? You walk day by day in uncertainties that have kept your brain on fire for the past three years. Some with less business troubles than you have gone crazy. The clerk has heard a noise in the back counting room and gone in and found the chief man of the firm a raving maniac, or the wife has heard the bang of a pistol in the back parlor and gone in, stumbling over the dead body of her husband—a suicide. There are men pursued, harassed, trodden down and scalped of business perplexities, and which way to turn next they do not know. Now God will not be hard on you. He knows what obstacles are in the way of your being a Christian, and your first effort in the right direction he will crown with success. Do not let satan, with cotton bales, and kegs, and hogsheads, and counters, and stocks of unsalable goods, block up your way to heaven. Gather up all your energies. Tighten the girdle about your loins. Take an agonizing look into the face of God, and then say, "Here goes one grand effort for life eternal," and then bound away for heaven, escaping "as with the skin of your teeth."

In the last day it will be found that Hugh Latimer, and John Knox, and Huss, and Ridley were not the greatest martyrs, but Christian men who went up incorrupt from the contaminations and perplexities of Pennsylvania avenue, Broad street, State street and Third street. On earth they were called brokers, or stock jobbers, or retailers, or importers, but in heaven Christian heroes. No fagots were heaped about their feet; no inquisition demanded from them recantation; no soldier aimed a pike at their heart, but they had mental tortures compared with which all physical consuming is as the breath of a spring morning.

Shaken Faith.

I find in the community a large class of men who have been so cheated, so lied about, so outrageously wronged, that they have lost their faith in everything. In a world where everything seems so topsy turvy they do not see how there can be any God. They are confounded and frenzied and misanthropic. Elaborate arguments to prove to them the truth of Christianity or the truth of anything else touch them nowhere. Hear me, all such men. I preach to you no rounded periods, no ornamental discourse, but put my hand on your shoulder and invite you into the peace of the gospel. Here is a rock on which you may stand firm, though the waves dash against it harder than the Atlantic, pitching its surf clear above Eddystone lighthouse. Do not charge upon God all these troubles of the world. As long as the world stuck to God God stuck to the world, but the earth seceded from his government, and hence all these outrages and all these woes. God is good. For many hundreds of years he has been coaxing the world to come back to him, but the more he has coaxed the more violent have men been in their resistance, and they have stepped back and stepped back until they have dropped into ruin.

Try this God, ye who have had the bloodhounds after you, and who have thought that God had forgotten you. Try him and see if he will not help. Try him and see if he will not pardon. Try him and see if he will not save. The flowers of spring have no bloom so sweet as the flowering of Christ's affections. The sun hath no warmth compared with the glow of his heart. The waters have no refreshment like the fountain that will slake the thirst of thy soul. At the moment the reindeer stands with his lip and nostril thrust in the cool mountain torrent, the hunter may be coming through the thicket. Without crackling a stick under his foot, he comes close by the stag, aims his gun, draws the trigger, and the poor thing rears in its death agony and falls backward, its antlers crashing on the rocks. But the panting hart that drinks from the water brooks of God's promise shall never be fatally wounded and shall never die.

The World's Anathema.

This world is a poor portion for your soul, O business man! An eastern king had graven on his tomb two fingers, represented as sounding on each other with a snap, and under them the motto, "All is not worth that." Apicius Celius hanged himself because his steward informed him that he had only £80,000 sterling left. All of this world's riches make but a small inheritance for a soul. Robespierre attempted to win the applause of the world, but when he was dying a woman came rushing through the crowd, crying to him, "Murderer of my kindred, descend to hell, covered with the curses of every mother in France!" Many who have expected the plaudits of the world have died under its anathema maranatha.

Oh, find your peace in God! Make one strong pull for heaven. No half way work will do it. There sometimes comes a time on shipboard when everything must be sacrificed to save the passengers. The cargo is nothing, the rigging nothing. The captain puts the trumpet to his lip and shouts, "Cut away the mast!" Some of you have been tossed and driven, and you have, in your effort to keep the world, well nigh lost your soul. Until you have decided this matter let everything else go. Overboard with all those other anxieties and burdens. You will have to drop the sails of your pride and cut away the mast. With one earnest cry for help put your cause into the hand of him who helped Paul out of the breakers of Melita, and who, above the shrill blast of the wrathiest tempest that ever blackened the sky or shook the ocean, can hear the faintest imploration for mercy.

I shall close this sermon feeling that some of you who have considered your case as hopeless will take heart again, and that with a blood red earnestness, such as you have never experienced before, you will start for the good land of the gospel—at last to look back, saying: "What a great risk I ran! Almost lost, but saved! Just got through, and no more! Escaped by the skin of my teeth."

Garbage for Electricity.

Philadelphia Record.)

Lord Kelvin, the Nestor not only of British scientists but of electricians the world over, who has arrived in the New World to attend the coming scientific congress at Toronto, Canada, has made the latest statement concerning the Shoreditch (England) experiment of burning dust for the manufacture of electricity. He pronounces it to be an emphatic success. Ten tons of dust and garbage have been found equal to one ton of coal for steam making. The parish of Shoreditch thus gets its municipal electric lighting for almost nothing, and in place of paying for the hauling away and dumpage of its refuse the vestry is now in a position to sell the slag residue, which is excellent fo road making purposes. In view of Lord Kelvin's final verdict, American municipalities should investigate the new British garbage utilizing method.

The Farce at Constantinople.

Philadelphia Record.

Today being the Feast of the Birth of the Prophet in Islam, the peace negotiations at Constantinople have been postponed until tomorrow; but, really, it will be a matter of indifference whether they shall be resumed or at some indefinite date in the future. Turkey has declared her inability to withdraw her troops from Thessaly because of a lack of means. If the Greek Government should advance the trifle of $5,000,000 on account of the war indemnity the evacuation might be accomplished; otherwise the troops must stay where they are. Greece, on the other hand, would be glad to act upon this suggestion; but she has no money, and the proposed scheme of financial control would preclude her from floating a loan.

Of course, the Greek Government is well aware that its credit is so low that the attempt to contract a loan would result in a fizzle. Its reply to the Turkish suggestion, therefore, was intended as a sly dig at the Ambassadors, who propose to control the Greek finances, and was meant to give the Powers a foretaste of the nature of the task which they are about to undertake. The Turks on their part would have considerable difficulty in trying to explain how they can provide for their soldiers in Thessaly if they have not the means wherewith to pay for their transportation homeward. Turkish soldiers are good walkers, and no more would be required to feed them on the homeward march than is required to feed them in camp. The situation is ludicrous, and the peace negotiations promise to develop into a roaring farce.

A Modern Lazarus.

Inherited blood diseases are much more difficult to cure than those which are acquired. One of the most common hereditary diseases is Scrofula, which the medical profession admit is most obstinate and deepseated, and their efforts to cure it meet with little success. A child afflicted with Scrofula is always puny and sickly, and can never grow into healthy manhood until the disease is eliminated. Scrofula leads into consumption nine times out of ten, so that it is important for this reason that immediate attention be given to all children who inherit the slightest taint.

Mrs. S. S. Mabry, 360 Elm St., Macon, Ga., writes:

"My boy, Charlie, inherited a scrofulous blood taint, and from infancy was covered with terrible sores, his sufferings being such that it was impossible to dress him for three years.

CHARLIE MABRY

His head and body were a mass of sores, and his nose was swollen to several times its natural size; to add to his misery he had catarrh, which made him almost deaf, and his eyesight also became affected. No treatment was spared that we thought would relieve him, but he grew worse until his condition was indeed pitiable. A dozen blood remedies were given him by the wholesale, but they did not the slightest good. I had almost despaired of his ever being cured, when by the advice of a friend we gave him S.S.S. (Swift's Specific), and at first the inflammation seemed to increase, but as this is the way the remedy gets rid of the poison, by forcing it out of the system, we were encouraged and continued the medicine. A decided improvement was the result, and after he had taken a dozen bottles, no one who knew of his former dreadful condition would have recognized him. All the sores on his body have healed, his skin is perfectly clear and smooth, and he has been restored to perfect health."

Mr. A. T. Morgan, one of the prominent druggists of Macon, and a member of the board of aldermen of that city, says: "I am familiar with the terrible condition of little Charlie Mabry, and the cure which S.S.S. effected in his case was remarkable, and proves it to be a wonderful blood remedy."

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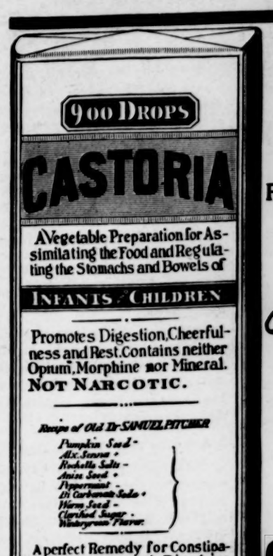
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Schedule in Effect May 30th, 1897.

TRAINS LEAVE FAYETTEVILLE.

1:15 P. M., Daily. Arrives Wilmington 4:45 p m, Ocean View 6:00 p m, Carolina Beach 6:30 p m.

3:45 P. M., Daily. Arrives Sanford 5:05 p m, Ore Hill 5:52 p m, Greensboro 7:40 p m, Walnut Cove 9:05 p m, Mt. Airy 11:00 p m. Connects with Southern Railway at Greensboro arriving Salisbury 8:40 p m, Asheville 12:25 a m, Knoxville 6:40 a m, Chattanooga 7:40 a m, Memphis 1:35 p m, Charlotte 6:10 p m, Atlanta 6:10 a m, Danville 12:15 p m, Lynchburg 1:56 a m, Charlottesville 3:35 a m, Washington 6:42 a m, Baltimore 8:00 a m, Philadelphia 10:13 a m, New York 12:43 p m.

4:45 P. M., Daily. Arrives Hope Mills 5:00 p m, Red Springs 5:42 p m, Maxton 6:11 p m, Bennettsville 7:40 p m, Charlotte 10:25 p m.

TRAINS ARRIVE FAYETTEVILLE.

10:50 A. M., Daily. Leaving Bennettsville 5:30 a m Charlotte 2:10 a m, Maxton 9:07 a m, Red Springs 9:37 a m, Hope Mills 10:26 a m.

12:45 P. M., Daily. From New York Philadelphia Baltimore Washington Charlottesville, Lynchburg, Danville, Mt. Airy, Walnut Cove, Greensboro, Nashville, Chattanooga Knoxville, Asheville Salisbury, Atlanta, Charlotte and Columbia North South and West.

3:35 P. M., Daily. Leaving Ocean View 10:30 a m, Carolina Beach 7:00 a m.

J. W. FRY, General Manager. W. E. KYLE, Gen'l Pass Agent.

Wilmington & Weldon Rail Road AND BRANCHES AND FLORENCE RAILROAD CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

DATED Aug. 1st, 1897.	No 78 Daily	No 36 Daily	No 40 Daily Except Sunday
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.
Leave Weldon	11 50	9 43	
Ar Rocky Mt.	12 52	10 35	
Leave Tarboro	12 12	.....	
Lv Rocky Mt.	12 52	10 35	5 40
Leave Wilson	2 06	11 16	6 29
Leave Selma	3 00	.....	
Lv Fayetteville	4 40	1 14	
Ar Florence	7 35	3 35	
	P. M.	A. M.	
Lv Goldsboro	.....	.....	7 0
Lv Magnolia	.....	.....	8 1
Ar Wilmington	.....	.....	9 2
			A. M.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

	No 78 Daily	No 39 Daily	No 41 Daily Except Sunday
	A. M.	P. M.	
Lv Florence	8 45	6 15	
Lv Fayetteville	11 20	10 20	
Leave Selma	1 00		
Arrive Wilson	1 42	12 10	
			P. M.
Lv Wilmington			7 15
Lv Magnolia			8 12
Lv Goldsboro			10 10
	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Leave Wilson	1 42	12 15	10 25
Ar Rocky Mt.	2 33	12 53	11 37
Leave Tarboro	12 12	.....	.....
Lv Rocky Mt.	2 33	12 53	
Arrive Weldon	3 39	1 44	
	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.

Train on the Scotland Neck Branch leaves Weldon 4:10 P M, Halifax 4:28 P M, arrives Scotland Neck at 5:20 P M. Returning leaves Scotland Neck at 6:57 P M., Kinston 7:55 P M. Returning leaves Kinston 7.50 A M., Greenville 8:32 A M. Arriving Halifax at 11:18 A M, Weldon 11:35 A M, daily except Sunday

Trains on Washington Branch leave Washington 8:20 A. M., and 1 P. M., arrive Parmele 9:10 A. M., and 2:40 P. M., returning leave Parmele 9:35 A. M. and 6:30 P. M. arrive Washington 11:00 A. M., and 7:20 P. M. Daily

Train leaves Tarboro, N C. daily except Sunday at 5:30 P. M, Sunday, 4:05 P M, arrives Pymouth 7:40 P M, 6:00 P M; Returning leaves Plymouth daily except Sunday, 7:30 A M. and Sundays 9:00 A M, arrives Tarboro 10:05 A M., 11:00 A M.

Train on Midland N C Branch leaves Goldsboro daily except Sunday, 7:10 A M, arrives Smithfield 8:30 A M. Returning, leaves Smithfield 9:00 A. M; arrive Goldsboro 10:25 A M.

Trains on Nashville Branch leave Rocky Mount at 4:30 P M, arrives Nashville 5:45 P M. Spring Hope 5:30 P M. Returning leave Spring Hope 8:00 A M, Nashville 8:55 A M, arrives Rocky Mount 9:05 A M, daily, except Sunday.

Train on Clinton branch leaves Warsaw for Clinton, Daily, except Sunday, at 8:20 A M and 4:10 P M. Returning leaves Clinton at 7:00 A M., and 11:30 P M.

Train No. 78 makes close connection at Weldon for all points north daily, all rail to Richmond. Also at Rocky Mount with Norfolk and Carolina railroad for Norfolk and all points North via Norfolk.

H. M. EMMERSON, Gen'l Pass Agent.
J. R KENLEY, Gen'l Manager. T. M. EMMERSON, Traffic Manager.

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Hamlet	"	26.25	19.25	14.0
Henderson	"	26.25	19.25	14.0
Lincolnton	"	24.60	18.05	12.5
Lewiston	"	27.00	19.80	14.0
Louisburg	"	26.25	19.25	14.0
Maxton	"	26.25	19.25	14.0
Monroe	"	24.60	18.05	12.5
Pittsboro	"	27.00	19.80	14.5
Raleigh	"	26.25	19.25	14.0
Rutherfordton	"	24.60	18.10	12.5
Sanford	"	26.25	19.25	14.0
Shelby	"	24.60	18.05	12.5
Wadesboro	"	25.95	19.05	13.8
Welcon	"	26.25	19.25	14.0
Wilmington	"	26.25	19.25	14.0

Class A. Tickets sold daily April 29th to October 15th. Final limit November 7th.

Class B. Tickets sold daily April 29th to October 15th. Final limit twenty (20) days from date of sale.

Class C. Tickets sold Tuesdays and Thursdays of each week. April 20th to October 26th. Final limit ten (10) days from date of sale.

THROUGH SERVICE between all points on the

SEABOARD AIR LINE —TO— NASHVILLE.

PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPING CARS

Run through without change.

For further information as to rates, schedules, train service, etc., apply to nearest Ticket Agent or address

H. S. LEARD, S. P. A., Raleigh, N. C.
S. B. BATCHELOR, C. T. A., Raleigh, N. C.
T. D. MEARES, Gen'l Agent, Wilmington, N. C.
GEO. McP. BATTE, T. P. A., Charlotte, N. C.
B. A. NEWLAND, Gen'l Agent, Passenger Department, Atlanta, Ga.

E. ST. JOHN, V. P. and General Manager.

H. W. B. GLOVER, Traffic Manager. T. J. ANDERSON, Gen'l Pass'r. Agt.

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